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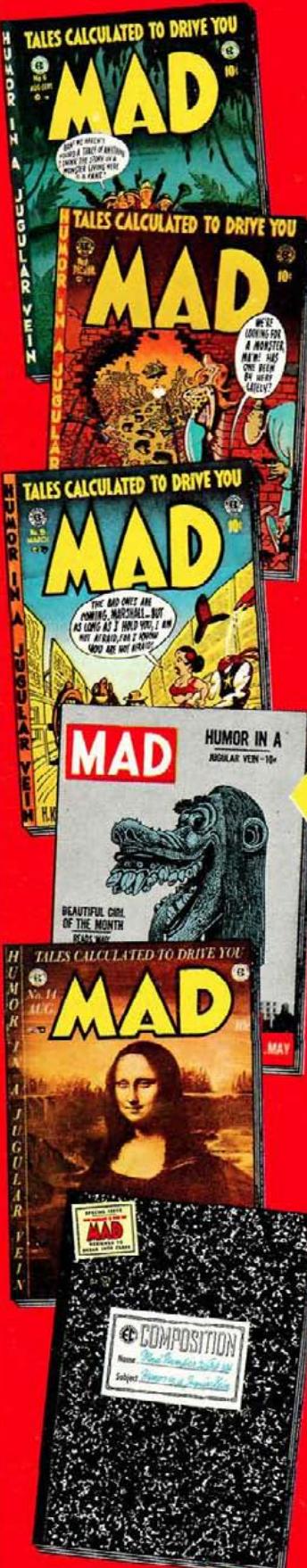
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 JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
 JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
 GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, ERIKA HOLTON,
 CURTIS ANDERSON, DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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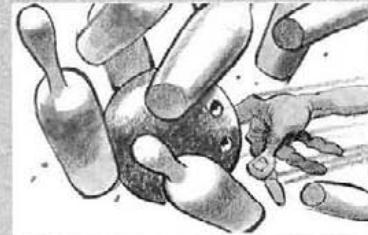
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**Various Places Around The Magazine

MAD—March 1974, Volume 1, No. 165. Published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscriptions: in U.S.A., 19 issues \$7.00. Outside U.S.A., 19 issues \$8.75. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1974 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.

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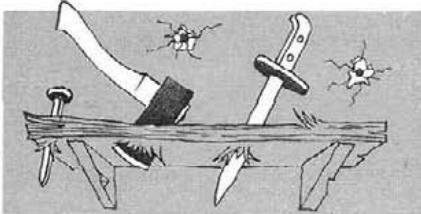
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- DAVE BERG Our Sick World
- DAVE BERG Looks at Living
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LETTERS DEPT.



MALICE IN WONDERLAND

Lou Silverstone's selection of Lewis Carroll's work as an exponent of the determining agents and factors of Watergate is sublime. Carroll, as an English mathematician and lecturer, as well as an author, wrote "An Elementary Treatise On Determinants," but I doubt that even his genius could figure out the multiplicity of the Watergate insolubles.

Arthur Greenwald
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

I never really understood Watergate until you compared it with appropriate quotations from "Alice In Wonderland." Thanks!

Roger Miller
Bergenfield, N.J.

Silverstone's and Clarke's "Malice In Wonderland" sure made me stop and think of what a circus Watergate has become. Such suitable quotes!

Polli Sturtevant
Paris, France

"Malice in Wonderland" or "Watergate—Through The Looking Glass" is the latest evidence of MAD's uncanny perception of our life and times. It's too bad the Nixon court does not think itself mortal enough to pay attention to the people it supposedly serves. Everyone should have the attitude toward life and politics that you guys do. Congratulations to Lou Silverstone and Bob Clarke. Lewis Carroll would applaud their writing and art insight.

Willard M. Dix
Amherst College
Amherst, Mass.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of August 12, 1970: Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code) 1. Title of Publication: MAD. 2. Date of Filing: Oct. 1, 1973. 3. Frequency of Issue: Monthly except Feb., May, August, and Nov. 4. Location of Known Office of Publication: 485 MADison Avenue NYC 10022. 5. Location of the Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publishers: 485 MADison Avenue NYC 10022. 6. Names and Addresses of Publisher, Editor, and Managing Editor: Publisher: William M. Gaines—485 MADison Avenue NYC 10022; Editor: Albert B. Feldstein—485 MADison Avenue NYC 10022; Managing Editor: None. 7. Owner (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder

LEAST HORIZON

I thought your satire of "Lost Horizon" was great! I'm presently reading the novel version of it in English Class. I showed the Arnie Kogen-Angelo Torres triumph to my teacher and now she wants to conduct a lesson on it. I never thought I'd see the day that MAD would become an educational aid.

Doug McDonald
Thorndale, Ontario
Canada

You mentioned that the million-dollar remake of Shangri-la looked like a bad taste Miami Beach Hotel. I didn't know there was another kind of Miami Beach Hotel!

Sarah Giddings
Paramus, N.J.

ALFRED IN THE AIR FORCE

Thought you'd be interested in the appearance of one of Alfred E. Neuman's ancestors on an Army C-47. The photograph was taken by my father, Lyle S. Mitchell, during the early 1940's, at the Hagerstown, Maryland, airport factory of Fairchild Aircraft. No information as to whether it was a good luck plane or not is available at this time. Incidentally, I first began to enjoy reading MAD when I was in the Air Force during 1955-58.

Kent A. Mitchell
Hagerstown, Md.



We'd appreciate hearing from any World War Two veterans who flew, maintained or loaded Alfred E. Neuman's Army C-47.—Ed.

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William M. Gaines, Publisher

A MAD LOOK AT KARATE

Having just finished reading Sergio Aragonés's "A MAD Look At Karate," and being a Shorin-Ryu style belt holder, I could enjoy the inherent humor of it. I was so confident after reading it, I went right out and tried to get mugged!

David Merriman
Albuquerque, N.M.

Sergio's "Karate" proves he's as whacked-out as the rest of you idiots!

Salvatore Celeste
Peabody, Mass.

Don Martin was, is, and probably will always be the finest contributor to your magazine, but that fiend Aragonés keeps running a hard race.

James Cunningham
Oklahoma City, Okla.

THE CLODS OF '44

Reading "The Clods Of '44" reminded me of the good old days...like before this issue hit the stands!

Jim Barnes
Far Rockaway, N.Y.

I liked "Clods" by Stan Hart and Mort Drucker. It's amazing how Mort can make people kiss and talk at the same time.

Gina Bynum
Torrance, Calif.

LIGHTER SIDE OF CORRUPTION

I truly enjoyed Berg's "Lighter Side Of Corruption." So did my bookie.

Tim Sheehe
Fresno, Calif.

Berg neglected to mention the most corrupting influence of all. It's called MAD Magazine.

Nancy Lee Beatty
South Houston, Texas

MAD IS A FOUR-LETTER WORD

Your #163 cover that says MAD is a four-letter word should have been *five* letters...T.R.A.S.H.

Martin Pollitt
Louisville, Ky.

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**ENERGY
CRISIS!**

Yep, we're running out of the energy necessary to come up with clever ads for these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid... and that's creating a crisis in our stockroom. So if you'd like to order 1 for framing, 3 for wrapping fish, 9 for lining bird cages, 27 for training puppies or 61 for burning because it's dark and/or cold due to the fuel shortage, send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9, \$2.00 for 27 or \$4.00 for 61 to: MAD, 485 MADison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022



AND THE BOND PLAYS ON DEPT.

ALTHOUGH THE STARS KEEP CHANGING, "JAMES BOMB" MOVIES GO ON FOREVER! AND SO, MAD TURNS ITS

8 "JAMES BOMB"

YES, NOSTALGIA FANS! REMEMBER YEARS AGO, WHEN THE "JAMES BOMB" MANIA FIRST SWEPT THE COUNTRY AND EVERYBODY WAS RUNNING TO SEE

"DR. NO-NO"

James
Bomb!
Call
for
James
Bomb!
Message
for
James
Bomb!

I'LL
take
it,
Son!

Is
that
THE
James
Bomb?

Yes . . . the famous Secret Agent with the incredible knowledge of women, food, and especially wine! I understand that he can not only tell you the vineyard and year—but also the name of the gal who stomped the grapes!

Waiter,
I'd
like a
Chateau
Nov ka
Pop 1951,
stomped
by Fat
Harriet
La Clutzl

I'm
very
sorry,
Sir!
We're
all
out
of
wine!

Then I'll have a dry Martini . . . 6 parts gin, 1 part vermouth, 1 dash of bitters . . . shaken gently with ice, NOT stirred . . . and strained into a large cocktail glass with a green olive!

I'm
terribly
sorry,
Sir . . .
but we're
out of
ALL
alcoholic
beverages!

Hmmm! Then give me a Fresca in a non-returnable bottle . . . chilled well . . . with no ice . . . and two straws!



I don't
believe
it! James
Bond . . .
drinking
FRESCA?!

You forgot!
These first
James Bond
movies were
made on very
low budgets!

What
a man!
He's
ruthless
yet
suave!

They
say he
has a
"License
to Kill"!!

He also
has a
"Learner's
Permit to
Make Out"!!

I know! The
English don't
mind violence,
but they're
rather stuffy
about SEX!

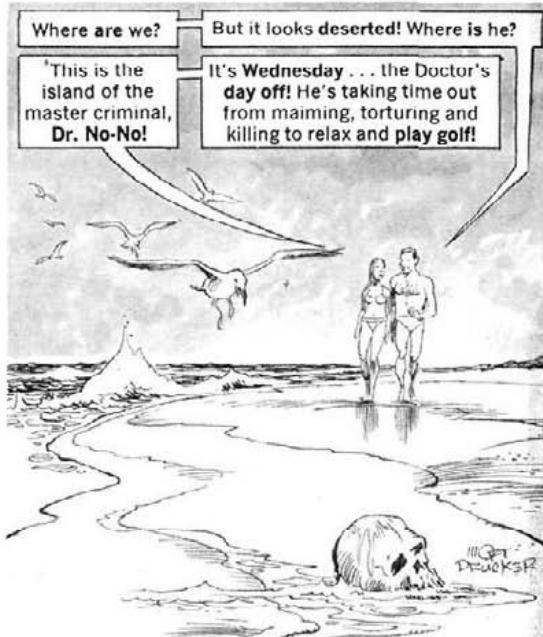
SATIRICAL SPOTLIGHT ON THIS BOX OFFICE PHENOMENON, AND BRINGS ITS READERS UP TO DATE ON . . .

"BOMB MOVIES"

A MAD RETROSPECT ... WITH NO RESPECT

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: ARNIE KOGAN



At last we meet! I am Dr. No-No!

I'm James Bond . . . and after two nights on your island with me, this is now Miss Yes-Yes!

You like my little home? That fish tank cost me three million dollars!

Boy! You have some thriving practice! The "Acupuncture" business must be booming!!

I am not a Medical Doctor, Bond! I am a Scientist! A MAD Scientist, who plans to blow up North America! But before I do that, I have an ingenious scheme to torture you with my metal hand!

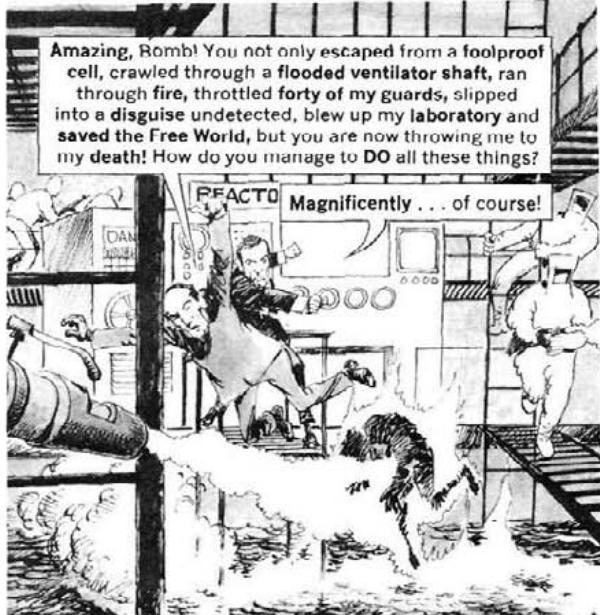
And what is that?

I am going to snip all your witty lines out of the script!

Tie them up!!

Amazing, Bond! You not only escaped from a foolproof cell, crawled through a flooded ventilator shaft, ran through fire, throttled forty of my guards, slipped into a disguise undetected, blew up my laboratory and saved the Free World, but you are now throwing me to my death! How do you manage to DO all these things?

Magnificently . . . of course!



"FROM RUSSIA WITH LUNACY"

In your first film, we introduced SEX! Now, in this next adventure, we grab the audience with ridiculous gadgets!

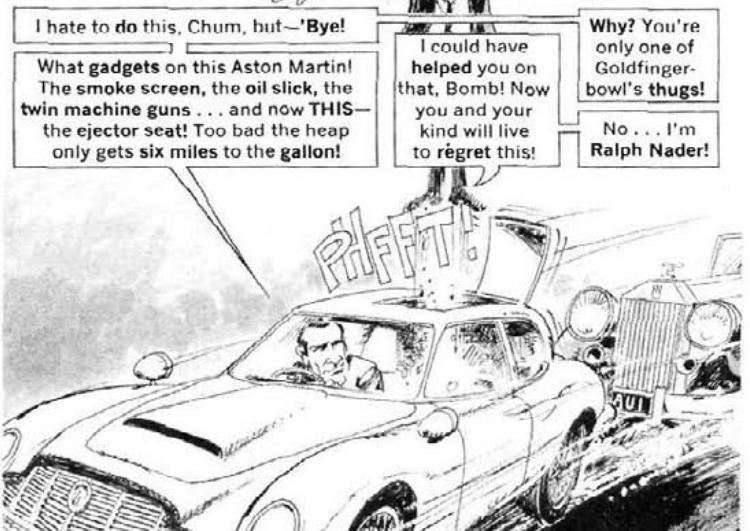
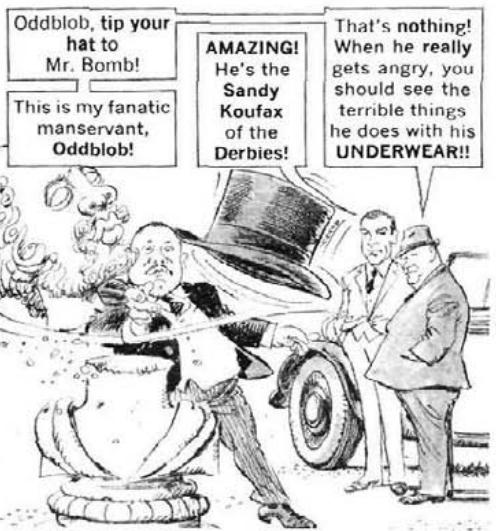
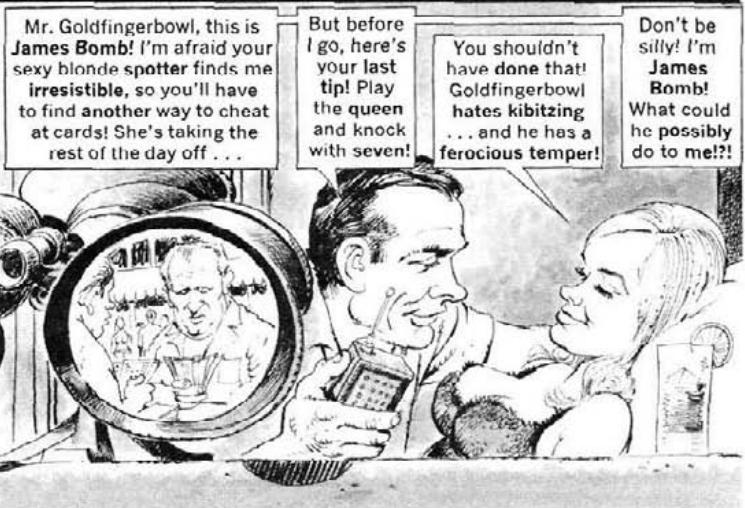
Please pay attention, 007! This ordinary-looking attaché case contains a folding rifle, a concealed knife, a tear gas canister, a grenade, and an atomic bomb for an emergency!

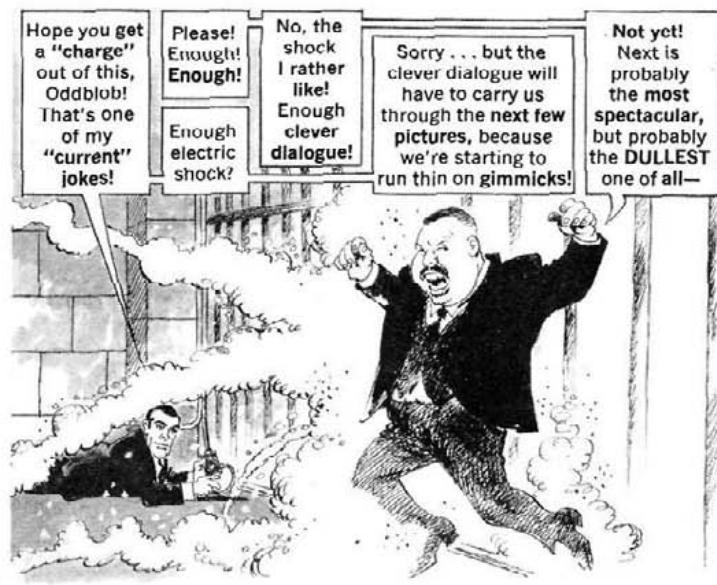
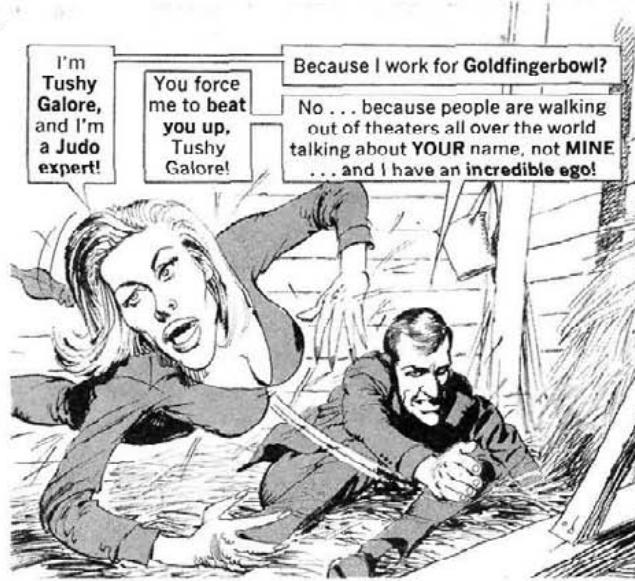
Call me a weirdo, Sir . . . but I STILL prefer sex to gadgets!





"GOLDFINGER BOWL"





"THUNDEBLAHH"

In this big budget fantasy, you get to battle frogmen and an underwater army, 007!

So here's your supply of outlandish gadgets! A scuba suit with hand grenades attached, a geiger counter disguised as a camera, a motorized back pack that also fires explosive spears, and . . .

But that stuff weighs over a hundred pounds! As soon as I put it on, I'll sink straight to the bottom!

That's the idea! See, the stars of THIS film are the lavish sets and the special effects! We don't really need you at all!



That James Bond may be a brilliant Agent on land . . . but this underwater assignment seems to be a bit too much for him!

What makes you say that?

He just torpedoed two tuna, punched a flounder and made a witty, offhand remark to a herring!

Well, James, you finally killed the villain Lardo, recovered the two missing atom bombs, smashed the Spectre operation, and now you've ended up in this boat, alone with me! So . . . let's celebrate in your usual fashion . . .

Dominique, you won't believe this, but I'm not in the mood for love!

Not in the mood? But you ate a dozen oysters!

Only six of them worked!

Is there another girl . . . ?



"YOU ONLY LIVE NICE"

Well, James . . . you've foiled your archenemy, Blowhard . . . blown up his volcano stronghold . . . seduced all his female assistants . . . and saved the Free World once more! How do you feel?

Terrible! I'm retiring as James Bond!

You can't be serious! Why, you ARE James Bond!

I know! But I am also Sean Crockery! I want to pursue my career as an Actor! I will NEVER play James Bond again!

Who will they get?

Well . . . undoubtedly, they will have to replace me with another "Super-Star" . . . like a Richard Burton . . . or a Paul Newman . . . or a Steve McQueen . . . or a . . .



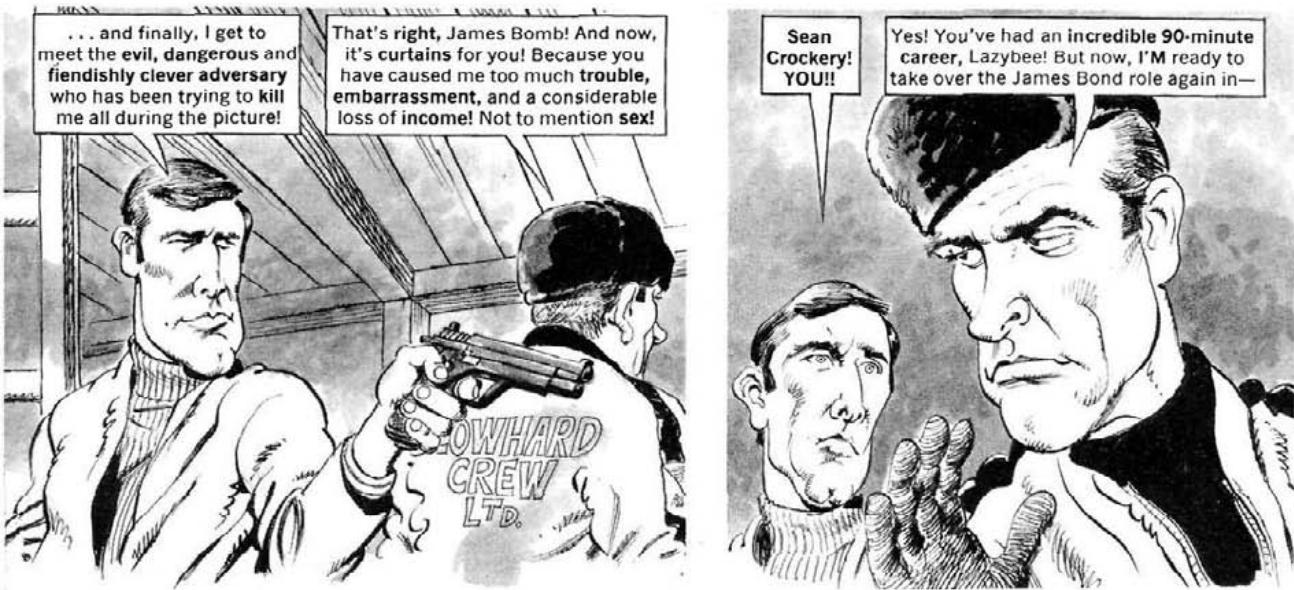
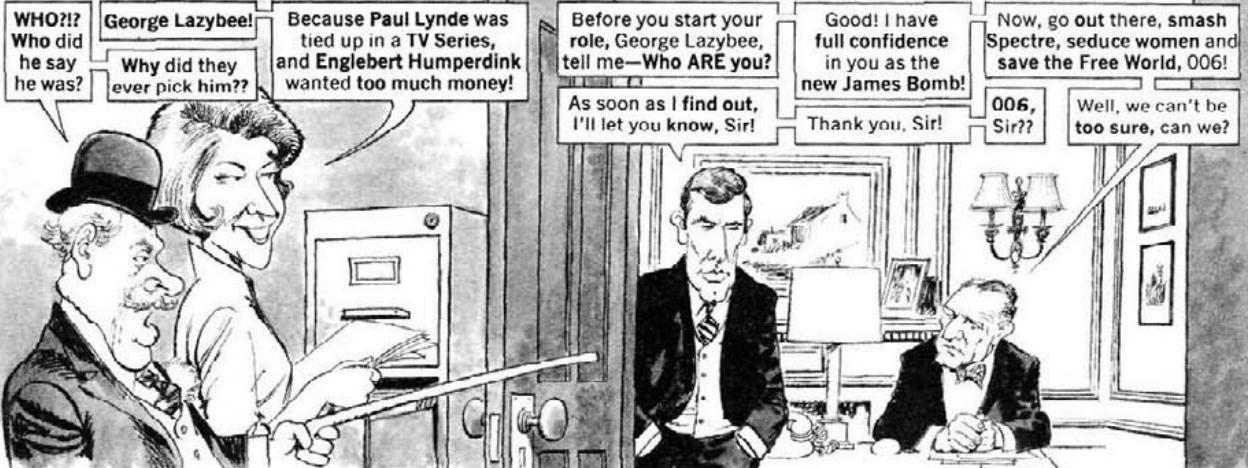
G-George LAZYBEE??!

That is correct!

You have been chosen from among all of the "Super-Stars" to be the new James Bond in . . .



"ON HIS MAJESTY'S SECRET SHAMUS"



"DOLLARS ARE FOREVER"

Well, Sean? What changed your mind and made you put on your shoulder holster again?

Two reasons! First, the money they offered was incredible—

And the other . . . ?

In two years, the only other career offer I got was a chance to sit in the middle box on "Hollywood Squares!"

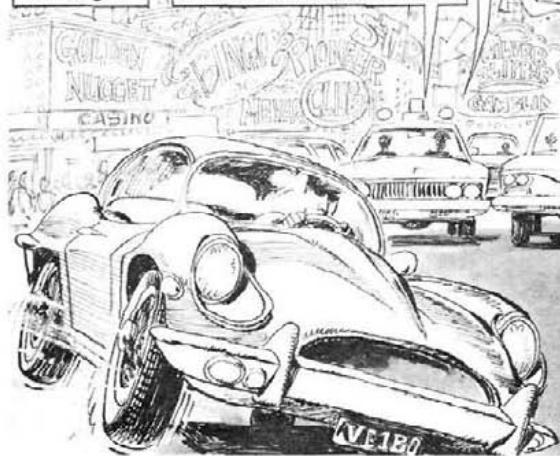
But now, you are older and considerably fatter! Do you think you can handle the rigors of playing James Bomb?

W—why not? Of course I can!

Here we are in a zany chase scene, barreling through Las Vegas!

. . . And LOOK! James Bomb's car is tipping over on two wheels! What a great Stunt Driver they've got!!

That's no Stunt Driver! That's BOMB!! He HAS put on weight!



Say! You're Jill St. Joe, the gal who dates Henry Kissin'fool, aren't you?

Tell me, how do I compare to him?

Well, he's sexy!

I'M sexy!

He's very witty . . . and charming!

I'M very witty . . . and charming!

He has a brilliant future ahead of him!

I'M very witty . . . and charming!

That's right!



Please!! Allow me to end that career, and start MINE . . . in



"LIVE AND LET SUFFER"

Get dressed, Bomb! You're off on a new assignment! We're predicting that this picture will do fantastic Box Office!

Impossible! You've got a cast of UNKNOWNs . . . with me leading them!

Yes . . . but we've got Paul McCartney to sing the Title Song!



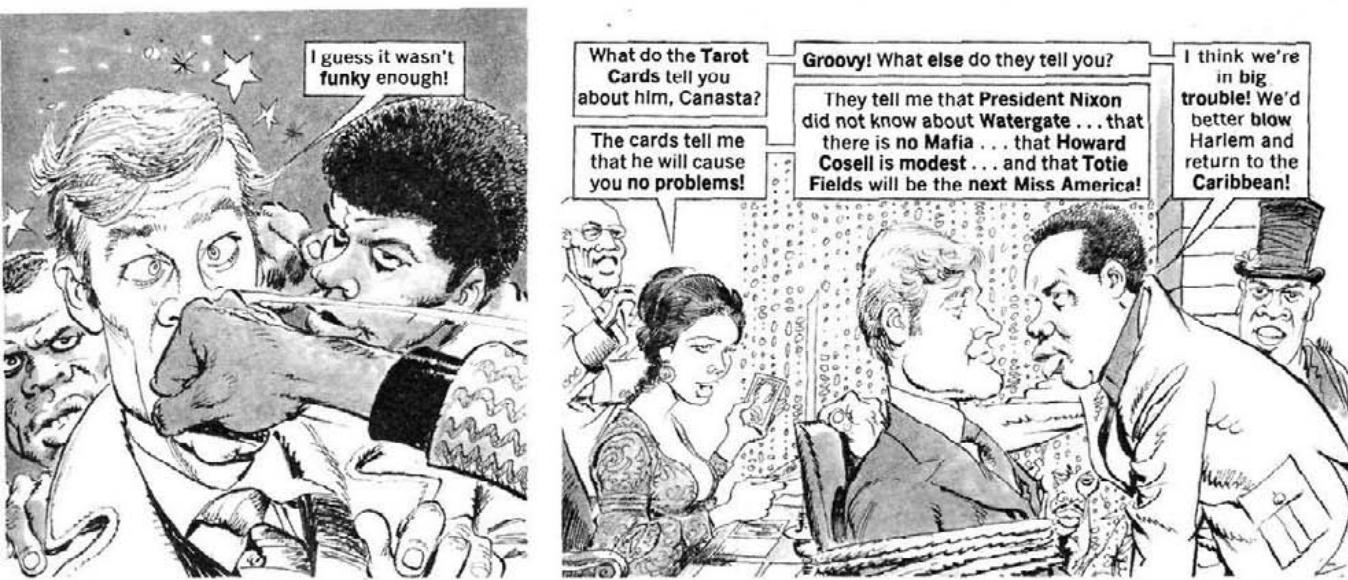
My assignment is to find "Mr. Big" of Harlem! I think I'll just lean against this bar with my blond hair and blue eyes, Oxford clothes and English accent, and casually blend in so they won't notice me!

What will it be, Honky?

I'd better give him some funky "Soul Talk" so he thinks I'm a friend!

I say! How about that Hank Aaron! He certainly is a credit to his Race!



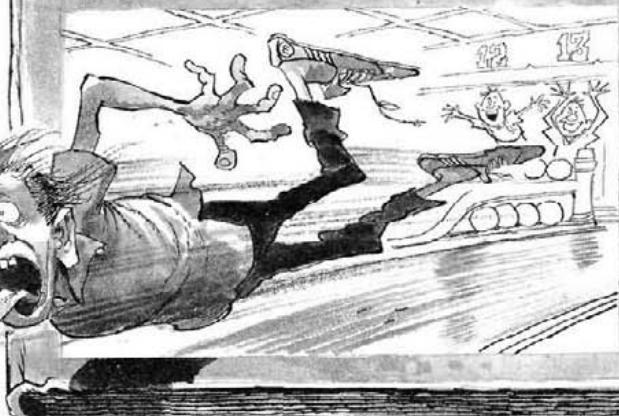
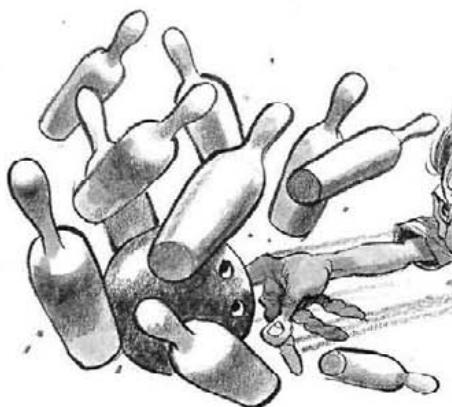


ALLEY BE PRAISED DEPT.

Now that the war in Vietnam is finally over . . . here is a Primer on Bowling. And if you think this is the most ridiculous introduction to a MAD article you've ever read, wait'll you read the article! Anyway, here's . . .



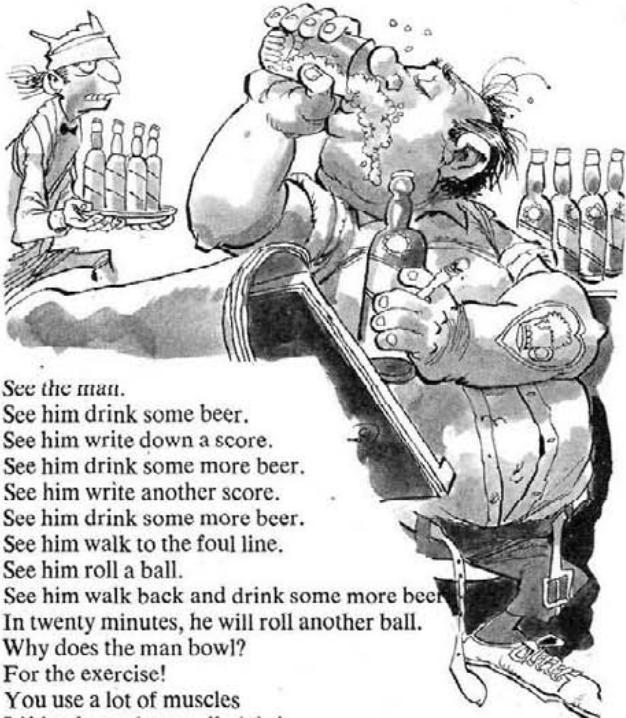
THE MAD BOWLING PRIMER



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

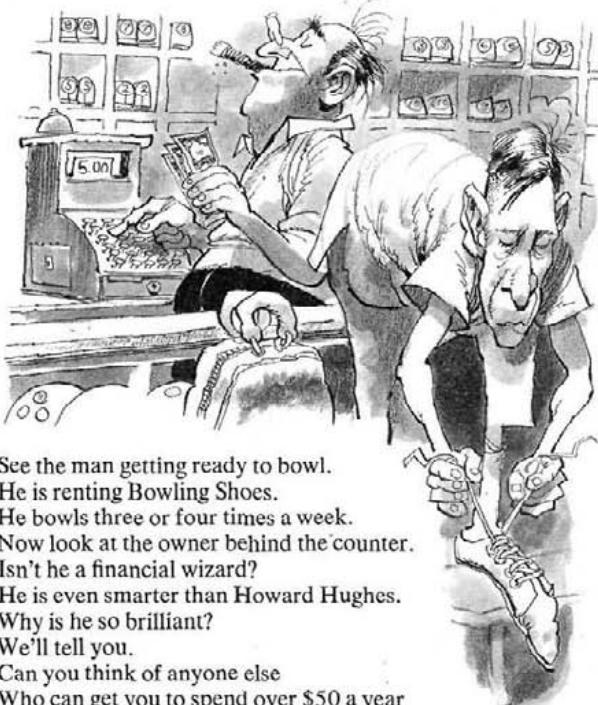
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

CHAPTER 1.



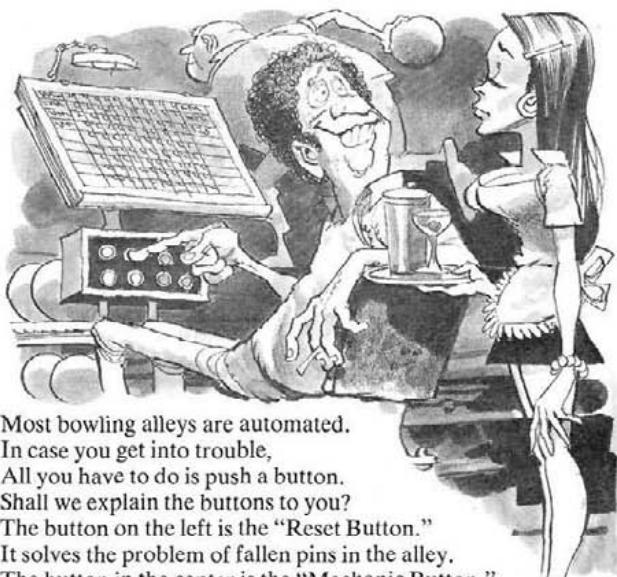
See the man.
See him drink some beer.
See him write down a score.
See him drink some more beer.
See him write another score.
See him drink some more beer.
See him walk to the foul line.
See him roll a ball.
See him walk back and drink some more beer.
In twenty minutes, he will roll another ball.
Why does the man bowl?
For the exercise!
You use a lot of muscles
Lifting beer glasses all night!

CHAPTER 2.



See the man getting ready to bowl.
He is renting Bowling Shoes.
He bowls three or four times a week.
Now look at the owner behind the counter.
Isn't he a financial wizard?
He is even smarter than Howard Hughes.
Why is he so brilliant?
We'll tell you.
Can you think of anyone else
Who can get you to spend over \$50 a year
For a pair of dirty sneakers you don't even own?!

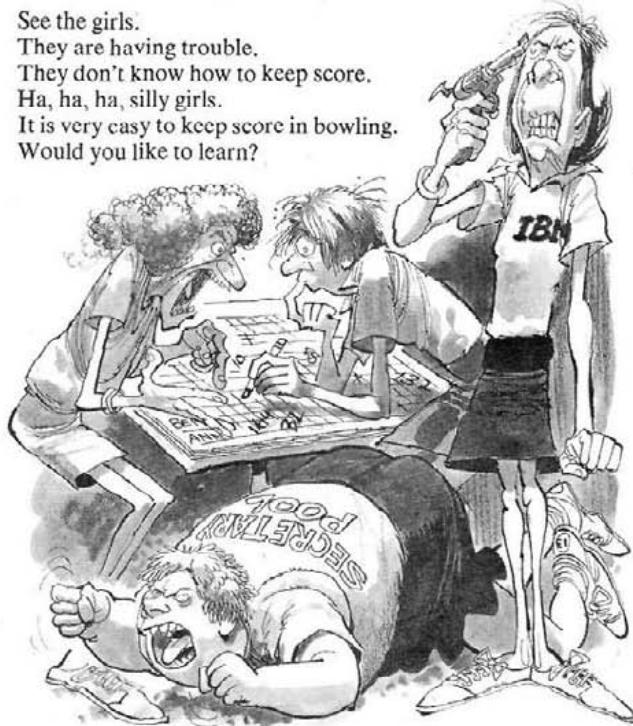
CHAPTER 3.



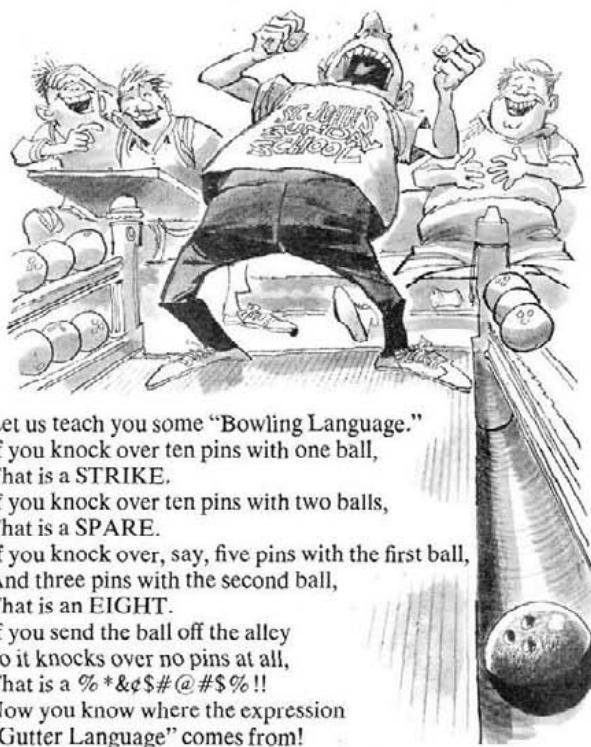
Most bowling alleys are automated.
In case you get into trouble,
All you have to do is push a button.
Shall we explain the buttons to you?
The button on the left is the "Reset Button."
It solves the problem of fallen pins in the alley.
The button in the center is the "Mechanic Button."
It solves the problems not covered by the "Reset Button."
The button on the right is the "Service Button."
It brings the waitress with the booze.
It won't necessarily help you with your bowling.
But it will help you forget the biggest problem of all,
Namely, that the other two buttons never work!



See the girls.
They are having trouble.
They don't know how to keep score.
Ha, ha, ha, silly girls.
It is very easy to keep score in bowling.
Would you like to learn?



CHAPTER 4.

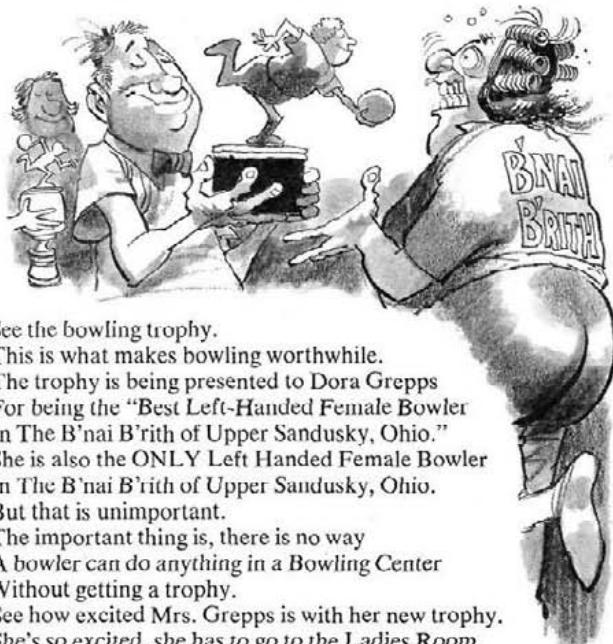


Let us teach you some "Bowling Language."
If you knock over ten pins with one ball,
That is a STRIKE.
If you knock over ten pins with two balls,
That is a SPARE.
If you knock over, say, five pins with the first ball,
And three pins with the second ball,
That is an EIGHT.
If you send the ball off the alley
So it knocks over no pins at all,
That is a %*&@#\$%!!
Now you know where the expression
"Gutter Language" comes from!

CHAPTER 5.

Okay, in the first frame, enter the amount of pins
You knock over with both balls in the first inning,
Unless you get a "Spare."
A "Spare" is 10, plus what you get on your next ball,
Which you enter in the first frame,
And add to it the total you knock over
With both balls in the second inning,
Which you enter in the second frame,
Unless you bowl another "Spare"
In which case, you repeat the procedure,
Except if you bowl a "Strike" in the first inning,
In which case, you have 10,
Plus what you get with your next two balls,
Unless the first ball of the second inning is also a "Strike",
In which case, you have 20,
But you have to wait for the third inning
To find out what you knock over with your third ball,
In order to add it to the 20, and enter it in the first frame,
And then add the second inning's 10 to that,
Plus what you get with your third and fourth balls,
And enter that in the second frame,
Unless your fourth ball is a "Strike"
In which case you repeat the procedure,
Except if you bowl a "Spare" or a "Strike" in the 10th frame,
In which case, you kill yourself!
Now, would you like to learn about the blue lines in Hockey?

CHAPTER 6.



* See the bowling trophy.
This is what makes bowling worthwhile.
The trophy is being presented to Dora Grepps
For being the "Best Left-Handed Female Bowler
In The B'nai B'rith of Upper Sandusky, Ohio."
She is also the ONLY Left Handed Female Bowler
In The B'nai B'rith of Upper Sandusky, Ohio.
But that is unimportant.
The important thing is, there is no way
A bowler can do anything in a Bowling Center
Without getting a trophy.
See how excited Mrs. Grepps is with her new trophy.
She's so excited, she has to go to the Ladies Room.
When she is finished,
The matron will give her a towel,
And a bar of soap,
And another trophy.

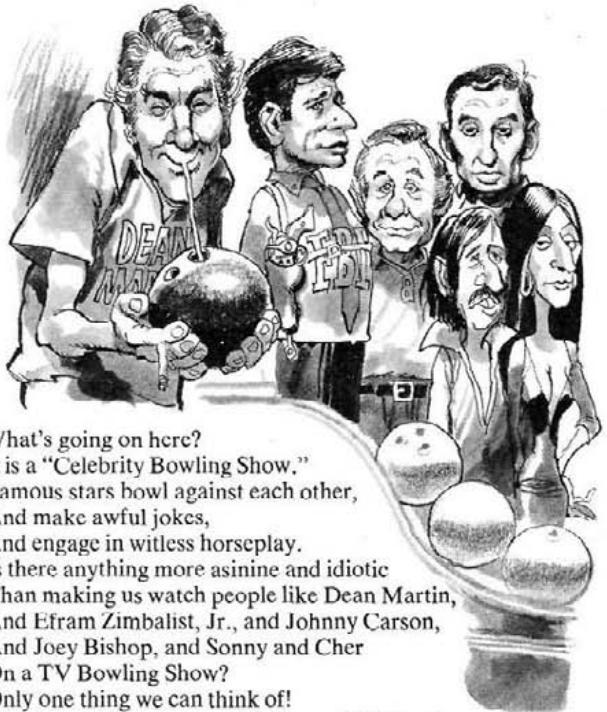
CHAPTER 7.



See the League Bowling competition.
Isn't it exciting?
All the greats and near-greats of Industry are here.
Look, there's the team from "Al's Service Station",
And the gang from "Barney's Moving and Storage",
And the boys from "Cy's Poultry Market".
See the team in the fourth alley.
They have just finished a game.
Their combined score is 421.
But when they submit their score sheet
It will read "792"....
Do you find that hard to understand?
That's the team from "Chuck's TV Repair Shop"!
Now do you understand?

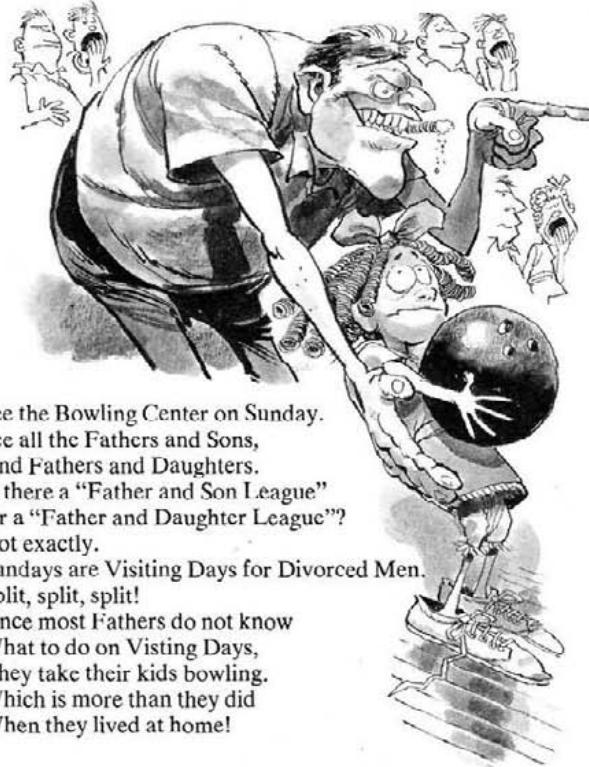


CHAPTER 8.



What's going on here?
It is a "Celebrity Bowling Show."
Famous stars bowl against each other,
And make awful jokes,
And engage in witless horseplay.
Is there anything more asinine and idiotic
Than making us watch people like Dean Martin,
And Efram Zimbalist, Jr., and Johnny Carson,
And Joey Bishop, and Sonny and Cher
On a TV Bowling Show?
Only one thing we can think of!
Making us watch them on their own TV shows!

CHAPTER 9.



See the Bowling Center on Sunday.
See all the Fathers and Sons,
And Fathers and Daughters.
Is there a "Father and Son League"
Or a "Father and Daughter League"?
Not exactly.
Sundays are Visiting Days for Divorced Men.
Split, split, split!
Since most Fathers do not know
What to do on Visting Days,
They take their kids bowling.
Which is more than they did
When they lived at home!

OUT, DAMNED DESPOT DEPT.

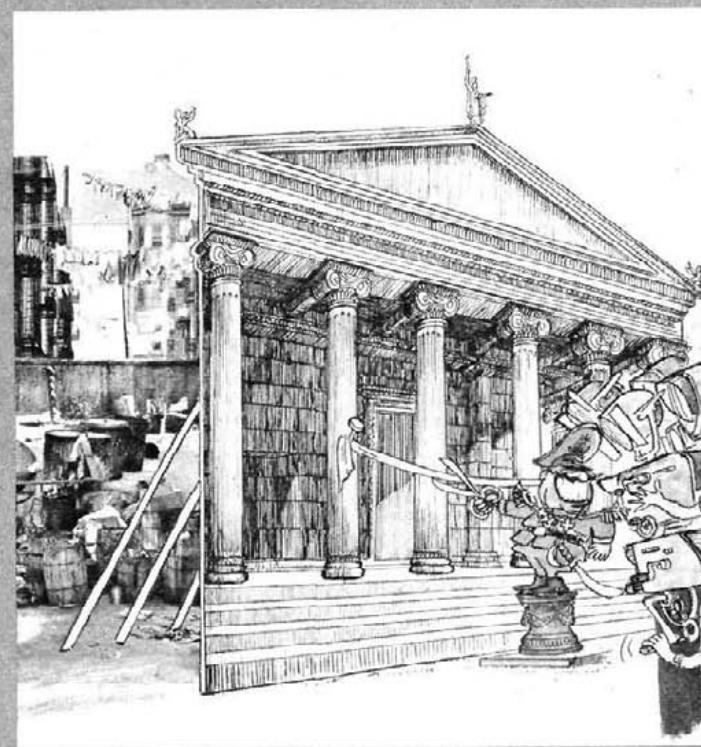
A MAD LOOK



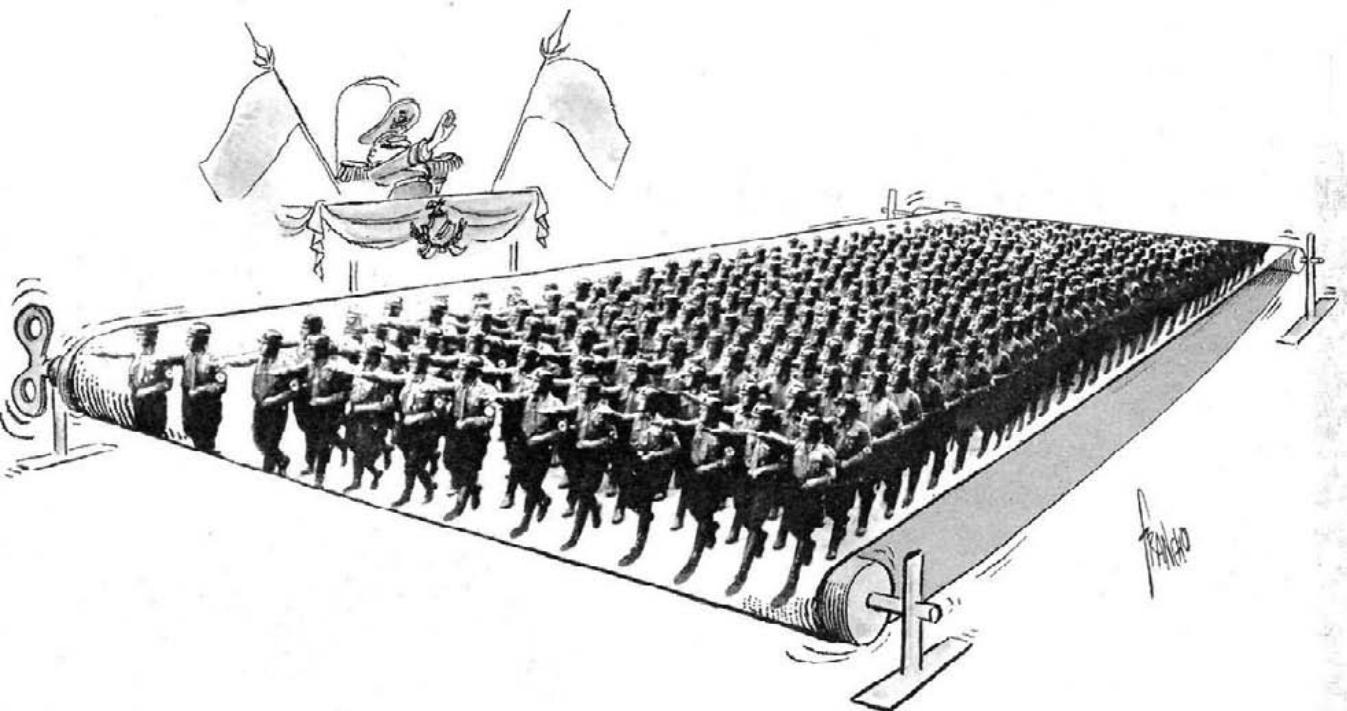


AT TYRANTS

ARTIST & WRITER: ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI



PHOTOS BY: UPI & WIDE WORLD





BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

COLD





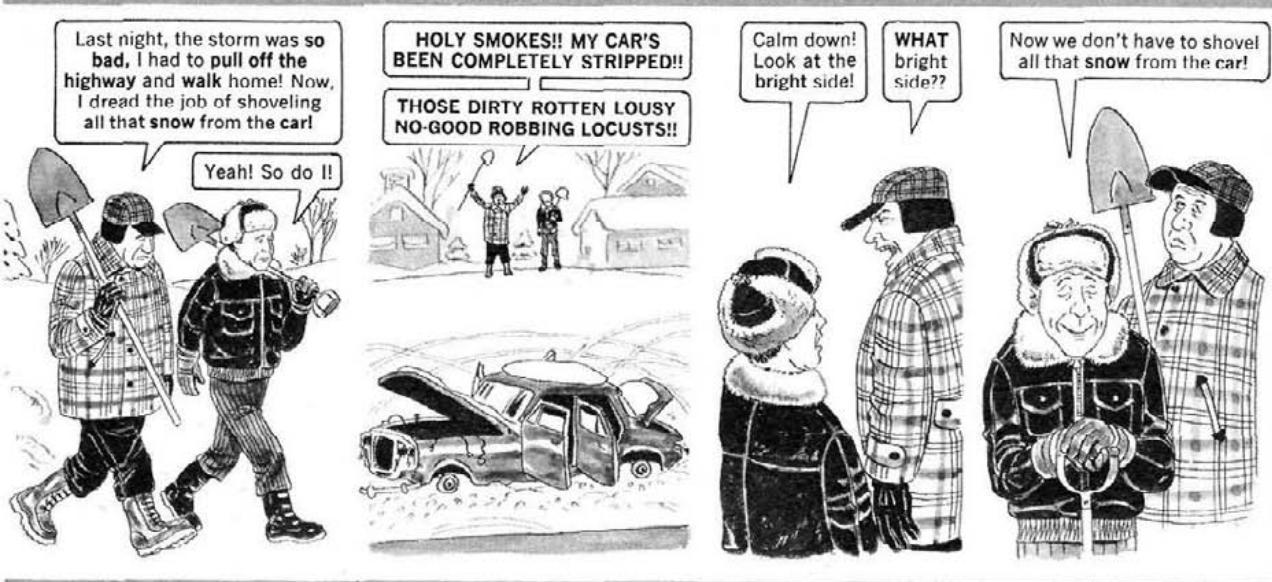
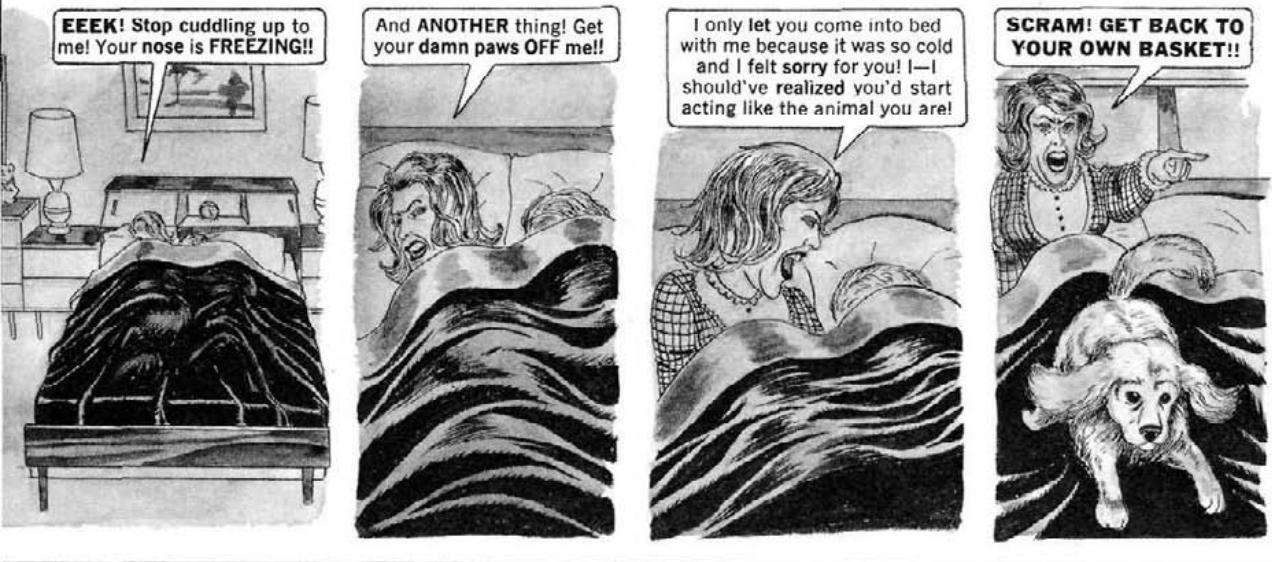
WEATHER

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG









ONE DARK NIGHT IN A LABORATORY

First . . . I connect the cross-body electrodes . . .



Then . . . I connect the head electrodes . . .



And now, I pull the switch . . . sending four hundred thousand volts into the body . . . more electricity than anyone ever conceived of, or produced before!



A-ZAP-DAP . . . AND A DOOB-BE-DOOB-BE-DOO!!



TRUCKIN' ON DOWN . . . AN'-A HOW'S BY YOU? !? YEAH! YEAH!!



Let's see now! First . . . I connect the cross-body electrodes . . .



WINDSHIELD WEEPERS DEPT.

With parking space at a minimum, and charges for parking at a maximum, the poor car owner has been trying various methods to beat the system while avoiding a ticket. Notes, official-looking identification cards, Police Department magazines, business cards, etc., are all

SURE-FIRE TICKET DET

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

Bless, O Lord, the keeper
of the Peace—the Officer
of the Law—who in his own
unselfishness, overlooks this
minor trespass of another made
in Your Image. But let he who
rules with an iron hand—who puts
him self before and above others—
let him feel the pain of eternal
damnation. Amen!

Honey,
Don't forget to drop off this check for me!
Love, Jack

JOHN DRURY

PAY TO THE
ORDER OF *Policemen's Benevolent Association*
One Thousand 00
SCHUBERT VALLEY
NATIONAL BANK
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

THIS CAR IS OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE:
CATHOLIC URBAN LEAGUE,
JEWISH NEIGHBORHOOD AID SOCIETY,
AND THE
PROTESTANT COMMUNITY ORGANIZATION
CAR POOL

Officer -
I heard on the radio that this make car has
been recalled by the factory because a defective
part may cause the steering wheel to fly
off at any moment. So I immediately
pulled over to the curb and left my
car here not to take any chances.

No. 110

2/6 1974

\$ 1000.00

DOLLARS

John Drury

MILTON ELNICK
CHIEF AUDITOR
INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE
(Division of Tax Returns
Of City and State Employees)



being left in view in an attempt to convince the passing Cop to keep on passing. But they rarely work. Why? Because to really get to someone, you have to appeal to his emotions... to his feelings of guilt and insecurity. With this goal in mind, MAD herewith offers...

TERRENTS FOR FRUSTRATED DRIVERS

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Officer -
Just went to pick
up my judicial robe.

Mildred:

If you found my suicide note and traced me to the car, don't panic - I haven't done it yet.

I left the car here to go for a little walk to think about whether life is worth living. With all the setbacks I've had lately, all I need is one more bad experience to push me over the brink...

Dear Officer,

They just announced over the radio that this month's quota of parking tickets has already been reached.

Thanks!

I JUST RETURNED FROM VIET NAM AND I PUT THIS SIGN HERE FOR ALL TO SEE SO I COULD SAY HOW GREAT IT IS TO BE HOME IN A FREE COUNTRY WHERE YOU CAN GO WHERE YOU WANT, DO WHAT YOU WANT, PARK WHERE YOU WANT, AND NOT HAVE SOME COMMIE RAT HASSLE YOU ! LONG LIVE THE AMERICAN WAY !

This car is owned by a revered mother who just ran into the store to buy an American flag and an apple pie...

Madame Olga

THE WITCH WHO CAN PUT THE CURSE ON ANYONE ...ANY TIME...ANYWHERE! I NEVER FAIL!

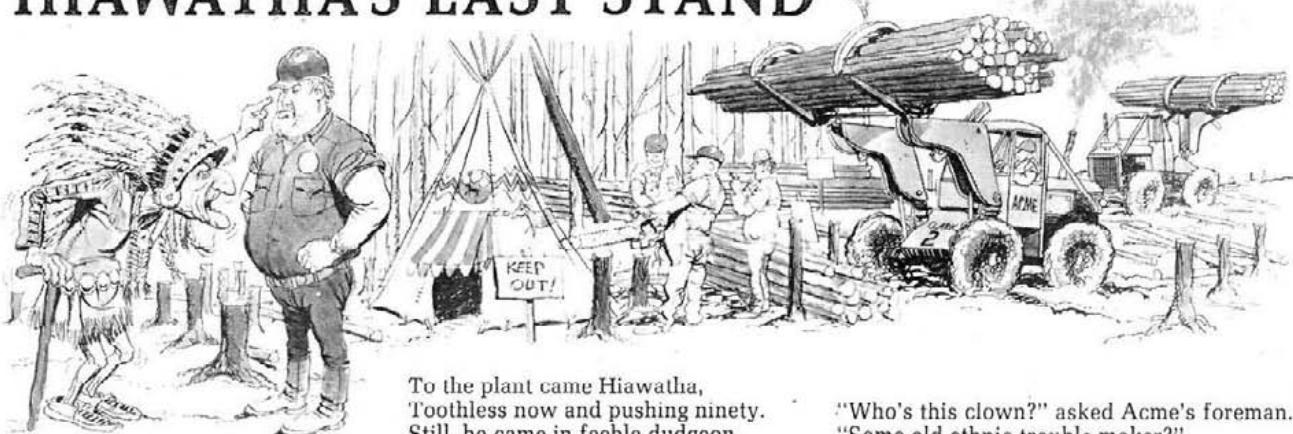
CALL QZ-9977

SON OF "ROSES ARE RED" DEPT.

Did you ever notice how every screen writer who comes up with a box office success and every novelist who clicks with a best seller immediately turns out a sequel in order to drain the last possible buck from his one good idea? Well, MAD has noticed it, and we've also noticed that great poets seem to be the only writers who never tried to cash in on success by dashing

MAD SEQUELS TO

HIAWATHA'S LAST STAND



By the shores of Gitchee Gumee,
Near the shack of Hiawatha,
Rose the plant of Acme Paper,
Making pulp of birch and pine trees;
Dumping crud into the water.

To the plant came Hiawatha,
Toothless now and pushing ninety.
Still, he came in feeble dudgeon,
Flailing at the boss of Acme.
"Os-kee-wa-wa!" screamed the Indian.
"You polluters killed my fish friends;
Gave the shaft to furry creatures;
Even scared the white-fire insects.
Pack your buzz saws up and beat it."

"Who's this clown?" asked Acme's foreman.
"Some old ethnic trouble maker?"
Hiawatha answered swiftly:
"I'm the grandson of the Moon Child;
Friend of Ishkoodah, the comet;
Pal of Naked Bear and Owlet.
Once a poet wrote my story.
Wanna see my scrapbook clippings?"

CASEY AT THE CONTRACT TALKS



Spring training time was close at hand
for Mudville's hapless nine,
And all the players had agreed
on contract terms they'd sign;
Except, that is, for Casey, who
was holding out for more
Despite his batting slump that lost
the flag the year before.

The Mudville owner met with Casey
on an April day
To learn how much his fallen star
expected him to pay.
The owner told the press, "There won't
be much to talk about.
I can't believe that clod expects
a raise for striking out."

Yet, who could doubt that Casey held
the key to Mudville's fate
As he strode grandly through the door
to re-negotiate?
He moved with grace; his biceps bulged;
his gut was hard and flat.
Small wonder foes were gripped with fear
when Casey came to bat.



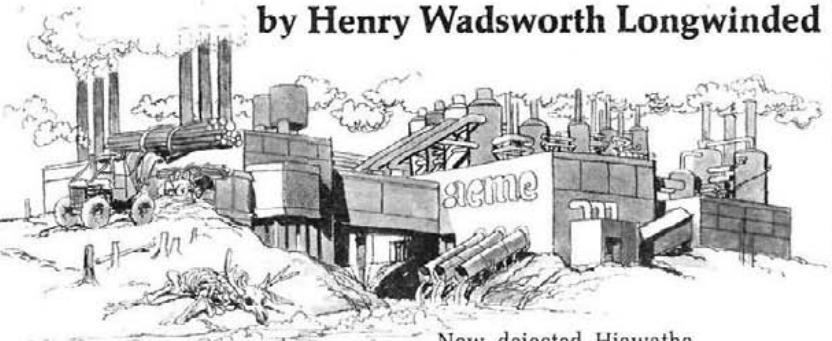
off mediocre follow-ups to their biggest hits. Yep, when it comes to well known poems, there's a million-dollar bonanza awaiting any hack writer who pens what the original poet might have written next. Hack writers happen to be a commodity that we here at MAD possess in abundance, so we plan to go after that unclaimed million right now by presenting our collection of ...

FAMOUS POEMS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: TOM KOCH

by Henry Wadsworth Longwinded

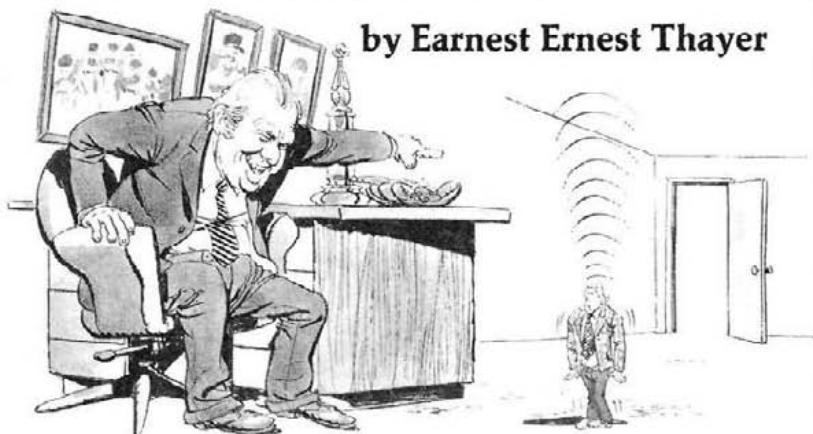


"Hoo boy!" moaned the boss of Acme.
Why must I get all the loonies?"
Then he lectured Hiawatha
On the rights his firm was granted;
Rights to turn the whole great forest
Into paper pulp for "Playboy."
Hiawatha mumbled something
Of a broken tribal treaty.
Patience gone, the foreman shouted,
"Get thee to a reservation."

Now, dejected, Hiawatha
Runs a stand to lure the tourists;
Sells them trinkets made in Cleveland.
Some pay him a dime or quarter
Just to have their pictures taken
With a senile, wrinkled Indian.
Hiawatha poses proudly,
Telling all who stop to see him,
"Once a poet wrote my story.
Wanna see my scrapbook clippings?"

Strangely, no one ever wants to.

by Ernest Ernest Thayer



Now Casey faced the owner with
his hands upon his hips,
And now his eyes were cold as steel;
a snarl had curled his lips.
Unsmiling, Casey spoke his piece.
He said, "I've got it planned
To loll at home this year unless
I'm paid a hundred grand."

The owner laughed and said, "I've got
some news that just won't keep.
We've signed a rookie from Spokane
who plays both good and cheap.
He never chokes up in the clutch.
So, Casey, my advice
Is practice hard at home this year,
'cause now you've struck out twice."

WE SHOT A MISSILE INTO SPACE

by N.A.S.A.
Public Information Officer
H. W. Bullfellow



We shot a missile into space.
We fear it fell to earth someplace.
Though we were aiming for the moon,
Red China claims we hit Kowloon.



Now, Chou En Lai is hopping mad
Because, it seems, our aim was bad;
And all our space probe expertise
Found nothing but enraged Chinese.

THE BAREFOOT MAN

by John Looseleaf Notebook

Barefoot boy, you're thirty-three;
Less cute than you used to be.
Once, I smiled to watch you loaf;
Now, you're just a six-foot oaf,
Warbling, childlike, through your beard.
Day by day, you get more weird.



Curses on thee, barefoot bum!
You're as shiftless as they come;
Romping through the woods at play.
Why not get a job some day?
Then buy shoes, quick as you can;
No one like a barefoot man.

THE RAVIN' REAL ESTATE



When a house is damp and drafty,
then a salesman must be crafty
While he's showing would-be buyers
all around the real estate.
Point out how the kitchen's roomy;
never say it's dark and gloomy.
Then the prospect may not guess that
he's been rooked 'til it's too late,
By which time, you're out the gate.

Though such tactics might be sleazy,
they made selling houses easy
'Til I got the job of peddling
Edgar Allan Poe's old place.
Poe long since had met his doom there,
but the raven he let me room there
I found still alive, atop
the mantle shooting off his face,
Loudly, with no style or grace.

THE NIGHT AFTER FATHER'S DAY



Father, dear father, don't rush to go home!
It's just barely ten after one,
Which means that the swingers Mom asked to the house
Are still all engaged in their fun.
Please call the barkeep to fill up your glass
The way that you do every night.
Mom's boy friend's at home, and if you should walk in,
I'm sure that he'd kill you on sight.
Stay here! Stay here! Stay here!
Please, father, dear father, stay here.

FAREWELL TO ORPHAN ANNIE



Little Orphan Annie's gotten sent on her way.
It happened when the Doctor said she really shouldn't stay.
The Doc was called to diagnose why we kept having dreams
That made us kids wake up at night and let out piercing screams.
Doc had us study ink blots first, to help our minds unfold;
And each blot dredged up tales of ghosts that Orphan Annie told.

The Doctor took my folks aside and said, "All kids throw fits
When you let weirdo orphan girls half scare them from their wits.
She talks a lot of goblins, and of big, black things that roam.
She'll turn your kids to fruitcakes if you keep her in your home."

AGENT

by Edgar Callous Snowjob



In my sales pitch, I did mention
all that might divert attention
From the raven, for who'd want a
home with built-in bird that speaks?
With my manner suave and steady,
I at last found someone ready,
Primed to buy, once he had tested
all the doors for cracks and squeaks.
Yelled the bird, "The chimney leaks!"

I drank booze and went unshaven,
driven crazy by that raven
Who refused to keep his beak shut
while I forced some clod to buy.
My employer loudly goaded
me to get that house unloaded,
Little knowing how each effort
merely made the raven cry:
"Hark! The basement's never dry!"

"Bird," I said, "I can't ignore you,
so instead let me implore you:
Hush until I've sold this place, and
then I will forever go."
Quoth the bird, "Give up your labors.
I live here and don't want neighbors.
Much adjustment is required for
two to share a home, you know.
That's why I evicted Poe."

R DIDN'T COME HOME

by Henrietta Kay Jerk



Father, dear father, keep lapping the sauce!
It's only a little past two.
Forget that I urged you to come home last night
'Cause your youngest child had the flu.
Baby is peaceful and not crying now;
Perhaps that's because he is dead.
At any rate, Mom's entertaining tonight.
You're not to come home yet, she said.
Don't go! Don't go! Don't go!
Please, father, dear father, don't go.

Father, dear father, drink up and enjoy!
The clock is just now striking three.
Your wife is unfaithful; your infant conked out.
But don't let that ruin your spree.
Mom wants you here, for the house is a mess;
Men's clothes are all over the floor.
So give her 'til morning to tidy things up
While you guzzle down a few more.
Pass out! Pass out! Pass out!
Please, father, dear father, pass out.



So Pa helped Annie pack her things, and told her very nice,
"You're strange, so out the door you go. It's Doctor's firm advice.
Still, you may like the orphanage; it's got a lovely wall,
And children packed in every room, and mice in every hall."

by James Nitwit Spryly



Now, Annie writes to say she likes the institution's gloom;
And, after undergoing tests, she got a private room.
Though it's equipped with rubber walls, she still hears voices shout,
"We're goblins who'll get Annie if she

Don't
Watch
Out!"

WHEN JOHNNY GOES MARCHING OFF



by Ratfink S. Fleemore



When Johnny goes marching off again,
I'll flip! I'll crack!
And work up my 4-F cough again;
Gasp! Wheeze! Hack, hack!
When men march off, it means there's war,
And they'll start drafting like before;
So I must get sick
When Johnny goes marching off.

I wonder where we may fight next time.
Iran? Siam?
I think I'll drop out of sight next time;
Co on the lam.
I'll pack my bags in dead of night,
And catch the next Toronto flight.
Then I'll just lay low
'Til Kissinger makes a truce.

WHEN I WAS ONE-AND-FIFTY

by A.E. Drudgeman



When I was one-and-fifty,
I heard a young punk say,
"Best watch your step, Old Timer;
I'll take your job away.
This firm seeks youth and vigor,
While you slow down each year."
But being one-and-fifty,
I felt no pangs of fear.

When I was one-and-sixty,
The boss said, "Go relax.
Retire with a pension.
Don't wait to get the axe."
Said I, "I'm much too valued;
No one could take my place."
Now I am one-and-eighty,
And I'm a Welfare case.

RUDYARD KIPLING



There are some who still recall
When the British ruled us all,
And each bloomin' Injain lived in fear o' slaughter.
They gave me a menial chore
'Cause that ruddy Kipling bore
Said, "The heathen's only fit for fetchin' water."

When, at times, the spigot clogged,
I got taken out and flogged.
For those English blokes said whippin' helped me learn.
Once, I really roused their ire
When the barracks caught on fire.
They screamed, "Water, boy!" Said I, "Burn, baby, burn!"

CHICAGO SUBURB

by Carl Sandbag

Hog Barbecuer for the World,
School Segregator, Mower of Lawns,
Player with Golf Clubs and the Nation's Wife Swapper;
Bigoted, snobbish, flaunting,
Suburb of the White Collars.

They tell me you are lazy, and I believe them; for I have seen your women in the super-market parking lots, tipping box boys to load their station wagons.

And they tell me you are brutal, and my reply is: At the stations of your commuter trains, I have seen old ladies trampled by men in quest of seats on the shady side.

And they tell me your soil is rotten and vengeful, and I answer: Yes, it is true, for I have seen crab grass killed and rise up to grow again.

But still, I turn to those who sneer at this, my suburb, and I give them back the sneer and say to them:

Come and show me another town with eight drive-in mortuaries and a Colonel Sanders on every block;

Show me a suburb with mortgage payments so high that men worry themselves into heart attacks at forty,

Debt-ridden,

Overdrawn,

Embezzling,

Financing, defaulting, re-financing,

But pleased as punch to be Hog Barbecuers for the World, School Segregators, Mowers of Lawns, Players with Golf Clubs and Champion Wife Swappers of the Nation.



That remark caused quite a stir;
They called me a rebel cur,
'Cause for Limey rule I lacked appreciation.
Still, they sensed throughout the land
We were gettin' out o' hand,
So they wisely left and gave us back our nation.

Now, we do the best we can;
Twice we've clobbered Pakistan,
While the glories that were England have grown fewer.
Though it may sound harsh and rude,
All this leads me to conclude,
Rudyard Kipling, I'm a better man than you were.

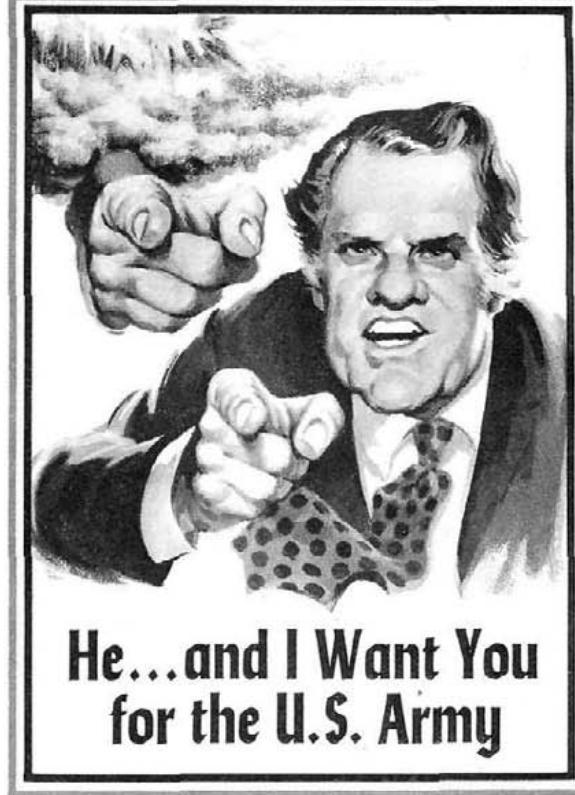
STRETCHING A POINT DEPT.

BILLY GRAHAM



I WANT YOU FOR U.S. ARMY

NEAREST RECRUITING STATION



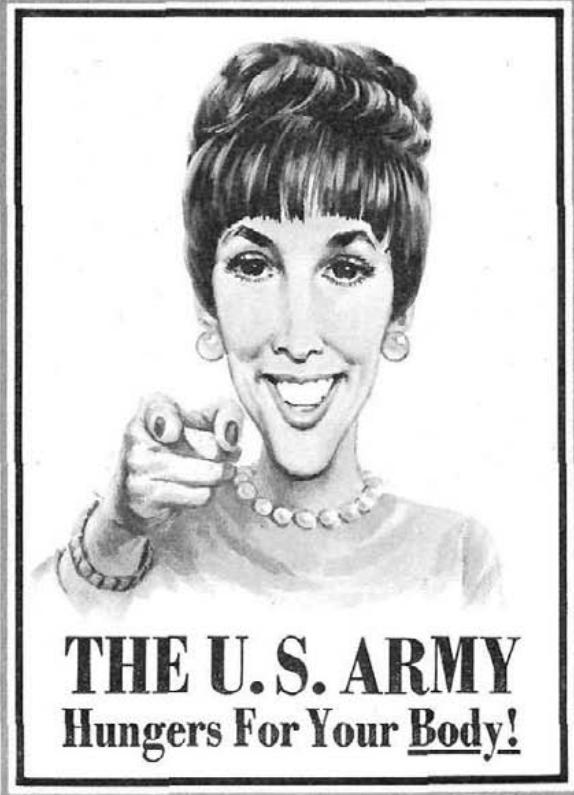
He...and I Want You
for the U.S. Army

This is the famous U.S. Army Recruiting Poster by James Montgomery Flagg. Now that we're close to having an all-volunteer Army, it's time the Pentagon modernized its recruiting methods. And the first thing the Brass should do is get rid of the old Flagg Poster and replace Uncle Sam and his message with endorsements by current "name" people. Then we'd start seeing these . . .

“I WANT YOU” POSTERS STARRING TODAY’S CELEBRITIES

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

HELEN GURLEY BROWN



THE U.S. ARMY
Hungers For Your Body!

SPIRO AGNEW



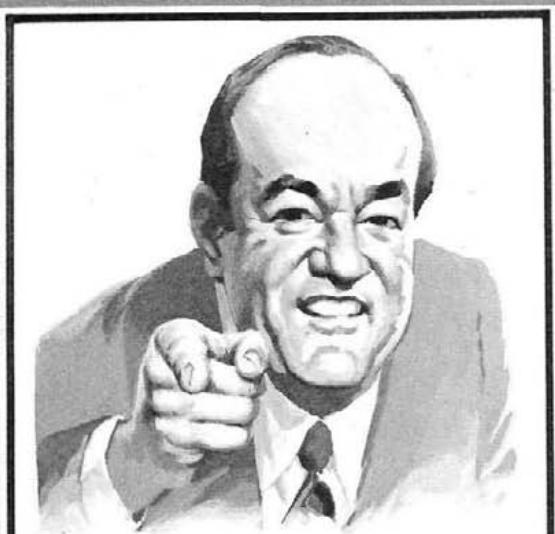
SHOW UP SNOT-NOSED SNIVELERS
PREACHING THE PUERILE PAP
OF THE PAMPERED PEACENIKS!!
JOIN THE U.S. ARMY!

DAVID EISENHOWER



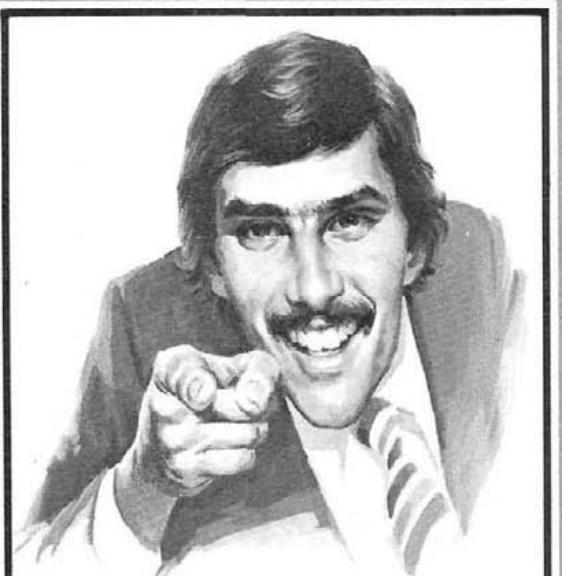
**Julie and I Think The
U.S. Army is Neat!**

HUBERT HUMPHREY



I believe it's a grand and glorious experience
for a young man to join the U.S. Army,
yes indeed, I truly do, so my advice to you,
young man, is to join the U.S. Army and
discover how grand and glorious an experience it
really is, because I believe deep in my
heart that joining the U.S. Army is as grand
and glorious as any experience a young man
can have today, I believe that, I truly do!

MARK SPITZ



JOIN THE U.S. ARMY
And Discover How Medals
Can Make You Irresistible!

ERICH SEGAL



JOINING THE U.S. ARMY
IS NEVER HAVING
TO SAY YOU'RE NAVY!

ABBIE HOFFMAN



If People Like Me
Disgust You,
Join The U.S. Army!

JACK ANDERSON



High-Level Pentagon Sources
May Deny This, But They
Want You For The Army!

BOBBY FISHER



It's Your Move!

MAD VISITS THE "REALISTIC SCHOOL OF MEDICINE"

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



This is Walter Krankheit for MAD Magazine, and I'm here on the campus of the "Realistic School of Medicine" talking to the *Dean and Founder* of this unique institution, Dr. Ernest Cutter! Dr. Cutter, would you tell the folks out there a little bit about your school?

Be glad to, Walt! I've always felt that today's Medical Schools do not prepare students properly for the practice of Medicine in this country! So I founded this school! Pure and simple, I teach it like it IS in the Medical Profession! I cut through the fiction of such garbage as "Healing" and "Dedication to Duty" and prepare the Doctors of Tomorrow for the REAL World of Medicine!

How did you start your school, Dr. Cutter?

With money from a rich Banker I once operated on!

Oh, it was a donation from a grateful patient??!

No . . . a fee from a DEAD one! Like I always say, Walt, those who CAN-do, and those who CAN'T-teach!



You certainly have a beautiful campus, Doctor!

Thanks! We're standing in front of the Biology Lab! Behind it is the Library!

And what's that large building?

That's our favorite structure! It's in buildings like that, all over America, that the Med Student will be spending most of his time as a Practicing Physician! That building is really what Modern Medicine is all about today!

That building is a Hospital?

No, Dummy! That building is a BANK!!

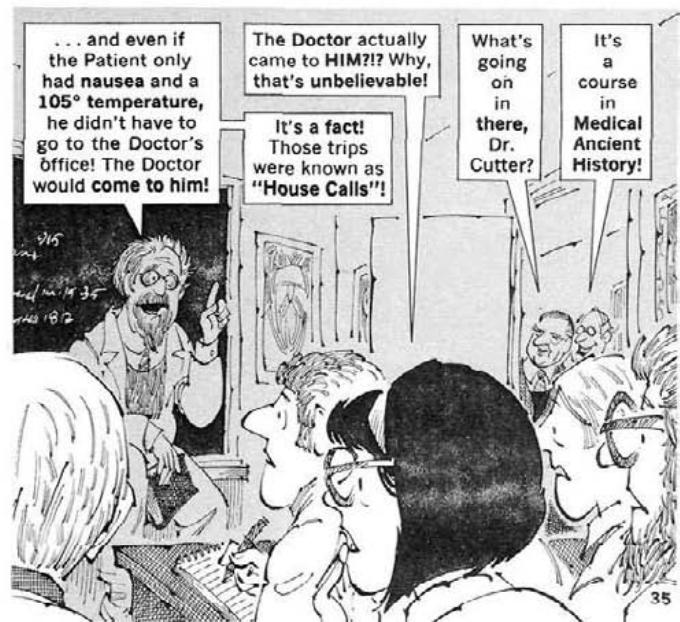
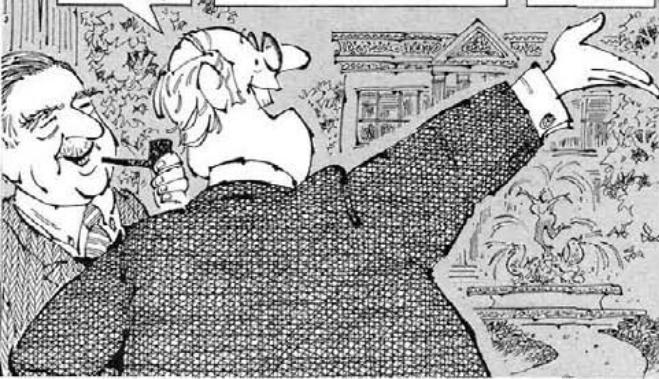
... and even if the Patient only had nausea and a 105° temperature, he didn't have to go to the Doctor's office! The Doctor would come to him!

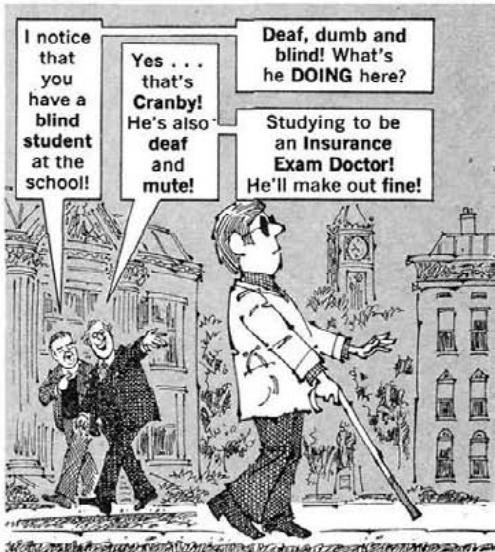
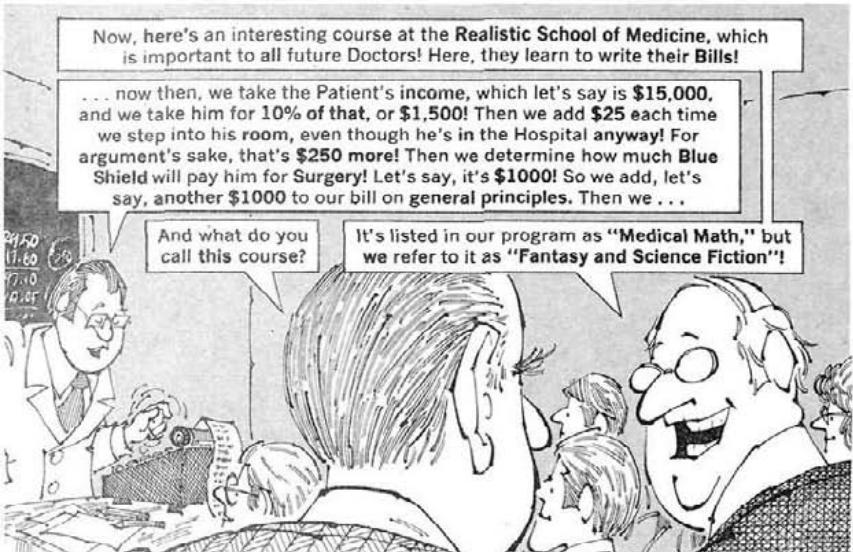
The Doctor actually came to HIM?!? Why, that's unbelievable!

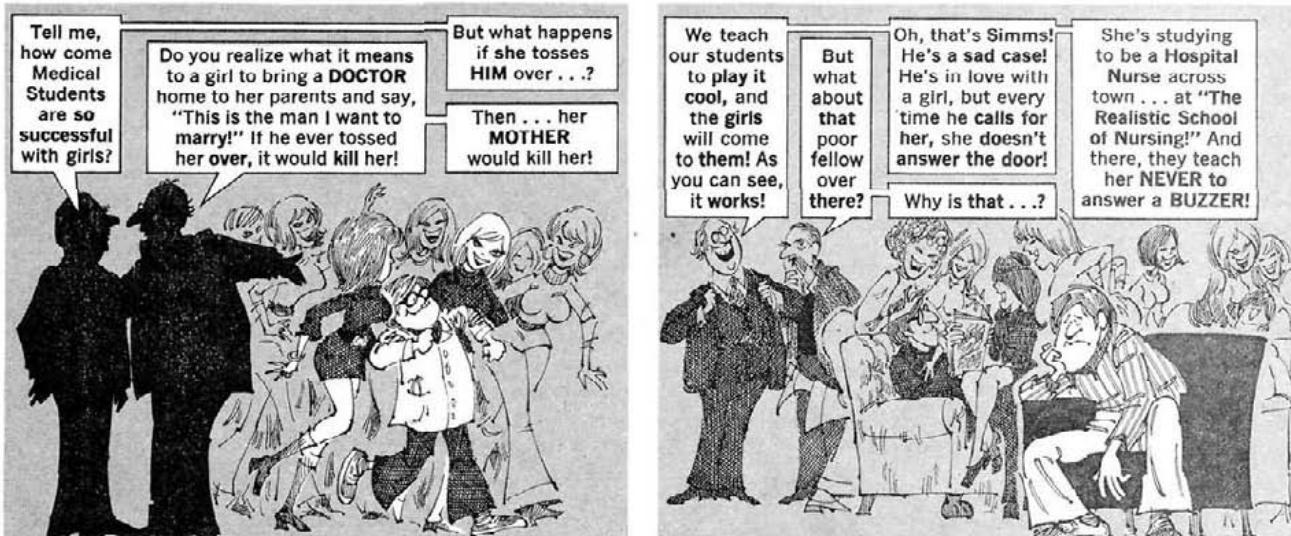
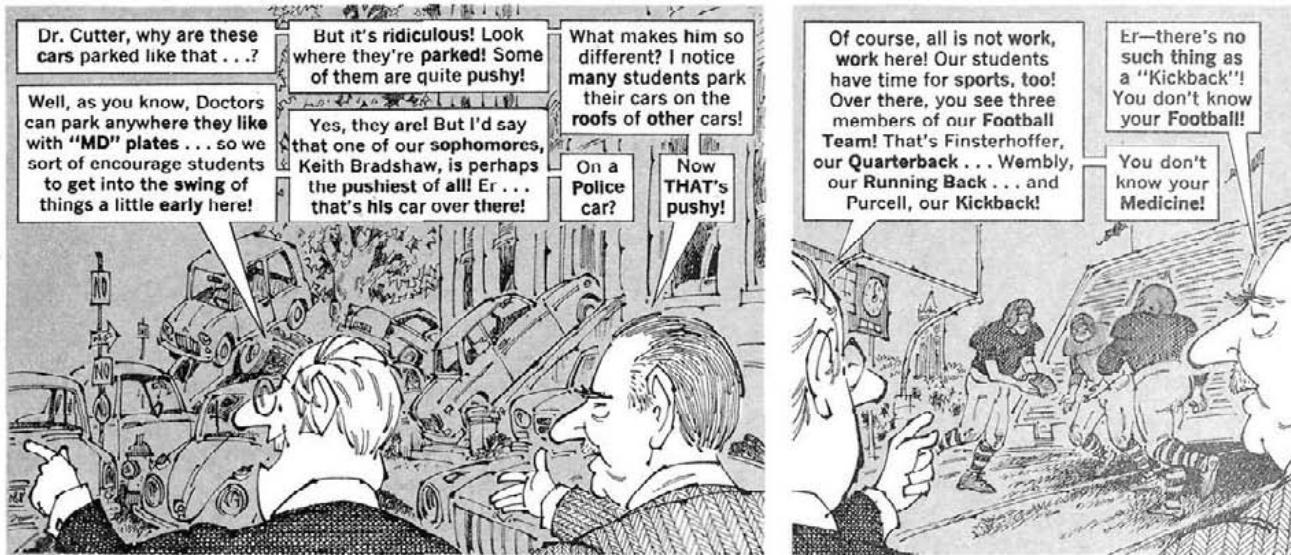
It's a fact! Those trips were known as "House Calls"!

What's going on in there, Dr. Cutter?

It's a course in Medical Ancient History!







I must say I found my visit here extremely interesting, Dr. Cutter, and thank you for your time!

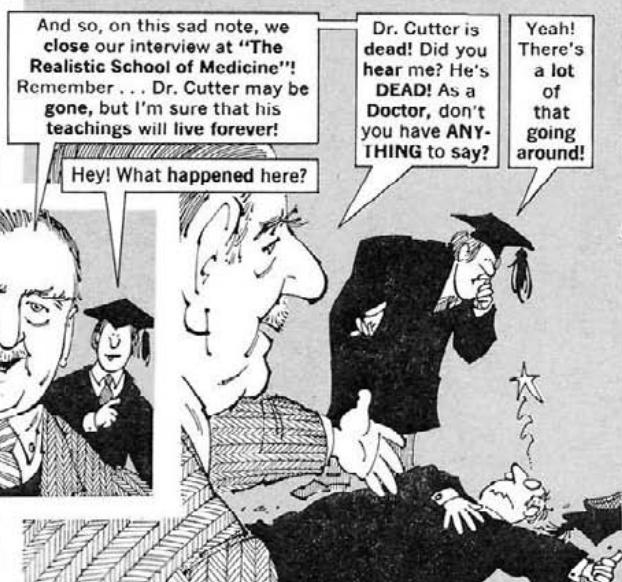
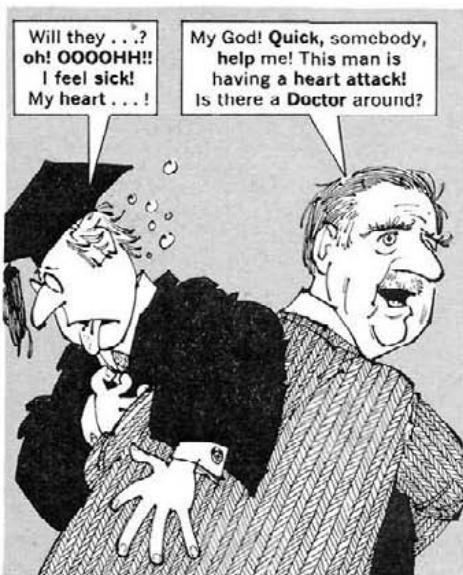
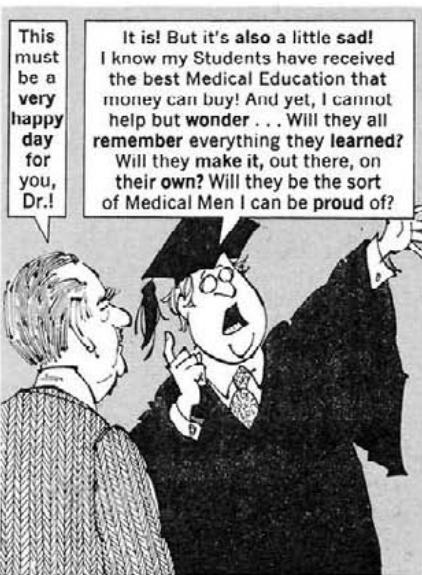
Before you leave, Walt, I'd like you to sit in on our **Graduation Exercises**! Today, our Senior Class is getting ready to go out and practice **Medicine**! They're to be addressed by the most revered figure in the **Medical World**, a man without whom the Medical Profession as we know it today could not exist!

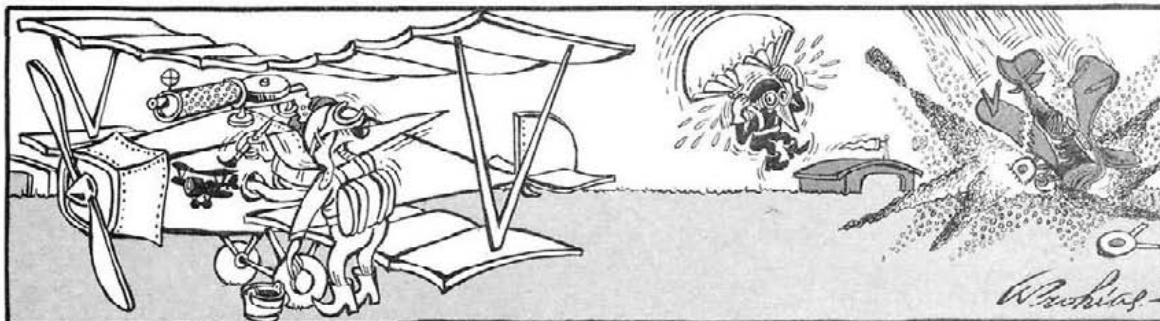
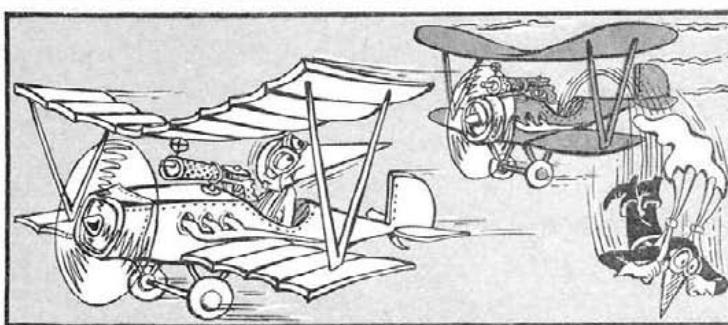
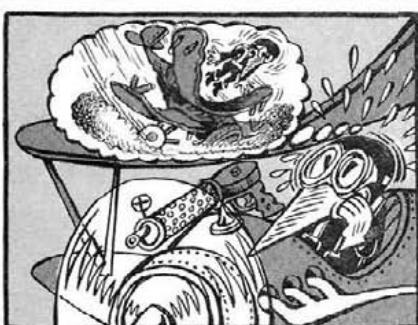
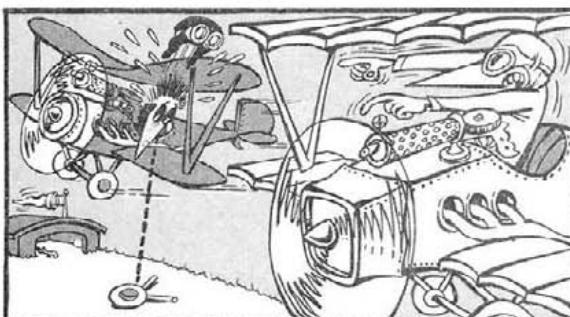
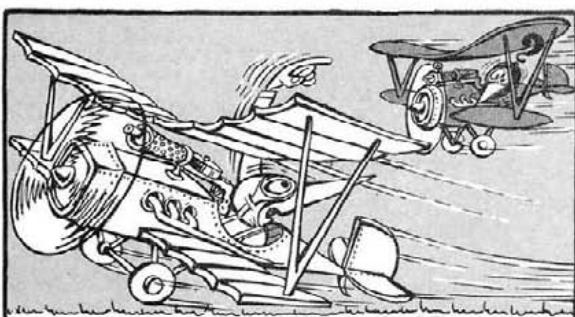
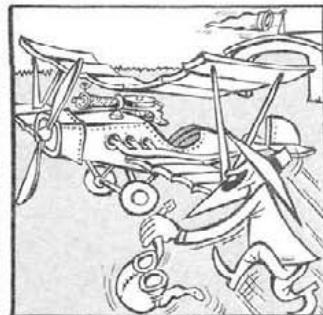
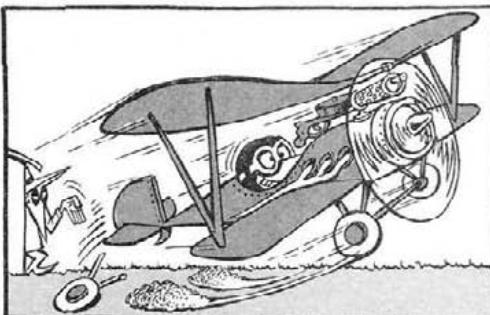
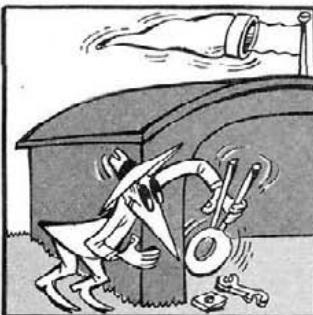
And who might that be? Who ELSE?! ME!!

—and so I conclude by wishing you, the Graduating Class of 1973, good luck and **Godspeed** as you go forth into the great World of Medicine!

Well . . . that does it! Now, I give each Graduate something he can keep and cherish the rest of his life! A symbol of the entire Medical Profession!

Uh . . . a diploma, of course!





Washburn

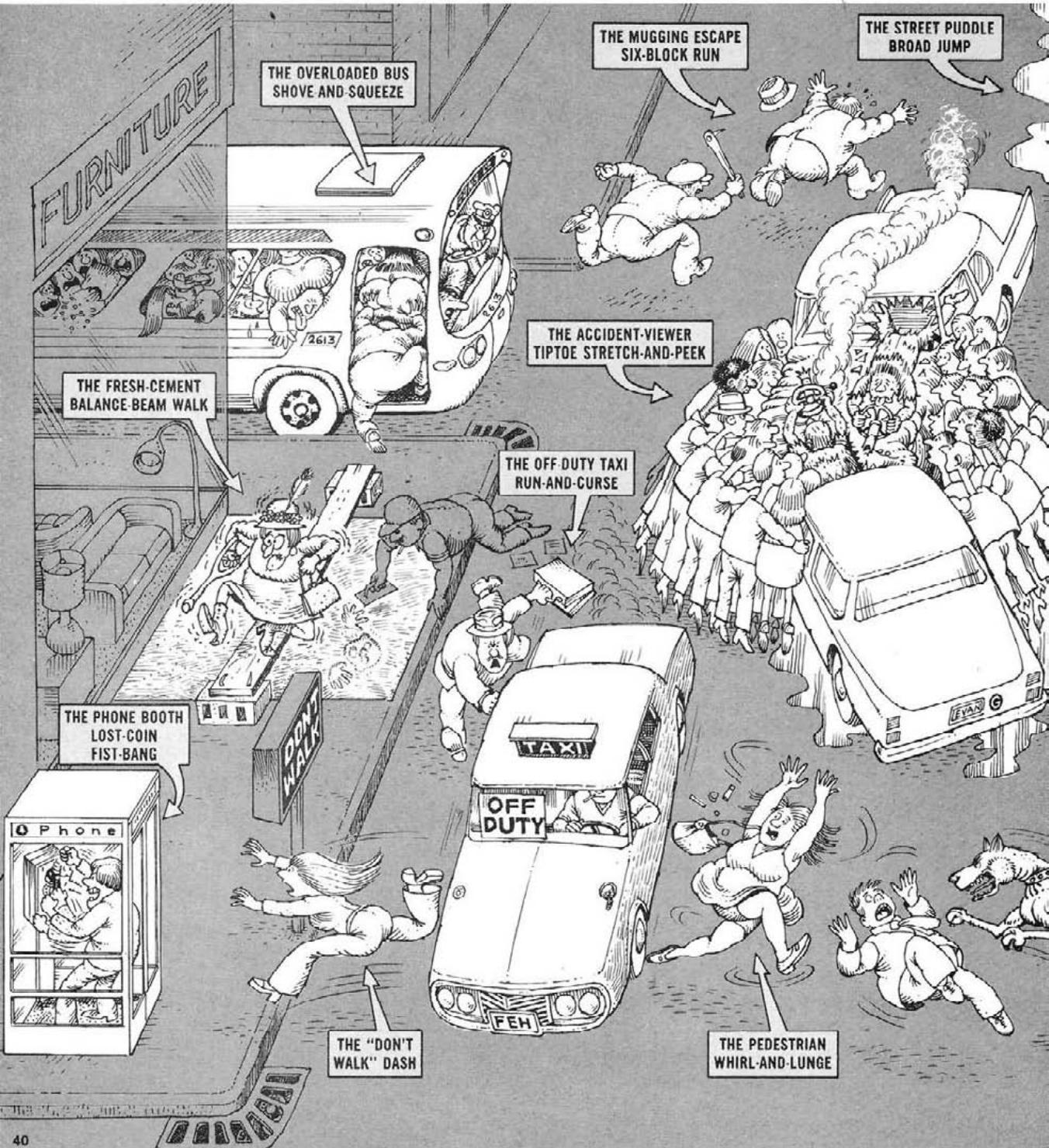


HOP, SKIP AND SQUISH DEPT.

We've read that people who live in big cities are becoming soft and flabby because of limited opportunities for sports and exercise. Well, we at MAD say that's ridiculous. People who

UNAVOIDABLE EXERCISES

ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

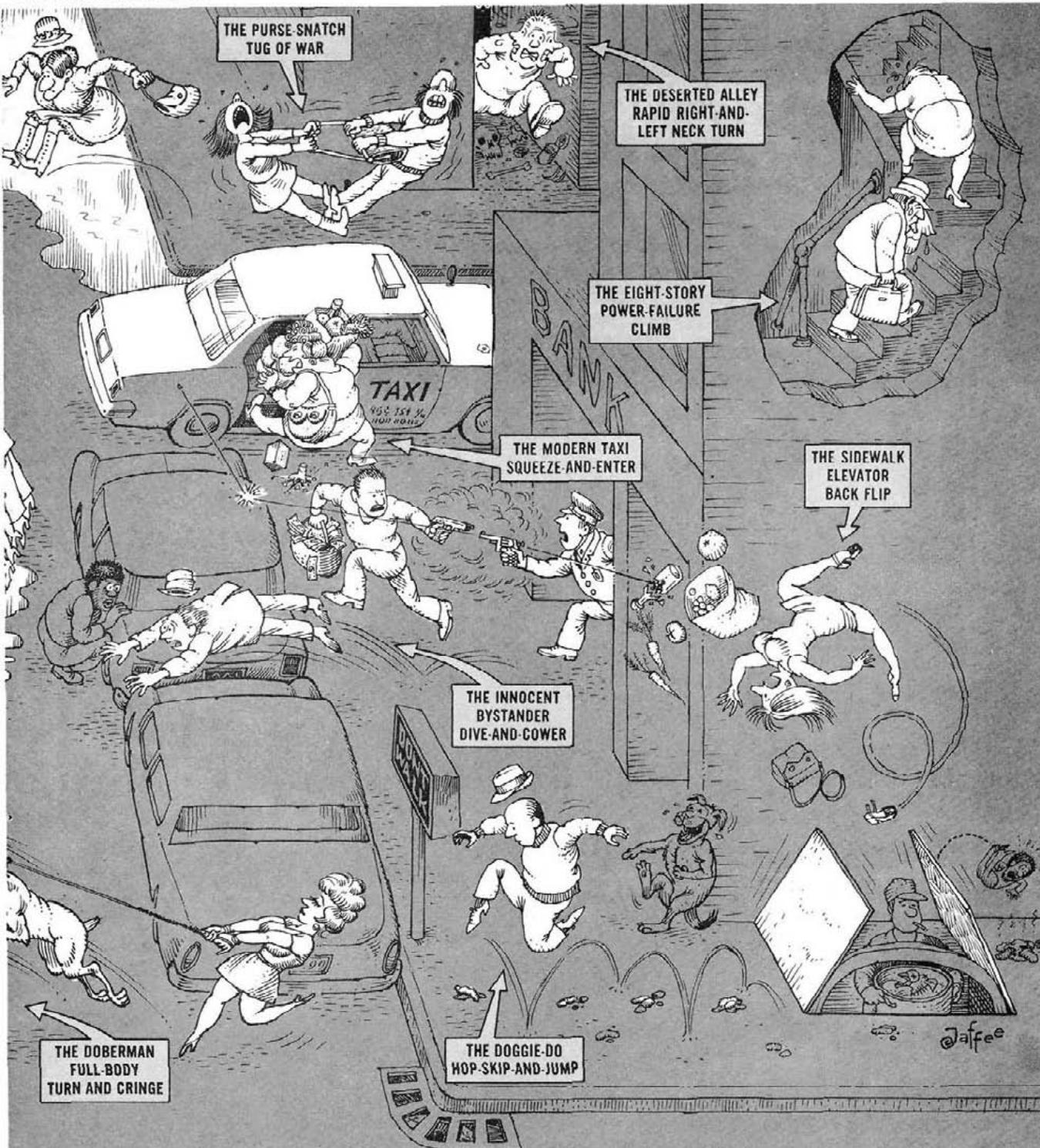




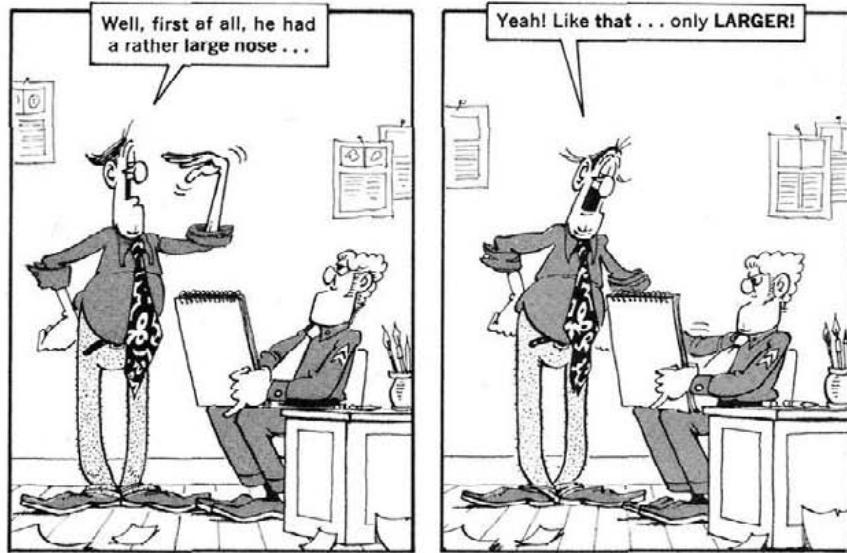
live in cities get all sorts of exercise without even realizing it. As a matter of fact, they can't avoid getting exercise, as you'll see in this panorama, depicting many and varied . . .

FOR THE URBAN DWELLER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



ONE NIGHT IN A POLICE STATION



NEVER TRUST A SHOW ABOUT THE '30'S DEPT.

Here we go with MAD's version of the new TV series with the revolutionary new approach to TV Programming . . . no violence, no action, no controversy, no cops, no private-eyes, no crime, no bloodshed . . . just a sweet, simple, nostalgic look at the days when people were starving to death during the Great Depression, and life was dull . . . dull . . . dull! Like it is watching

The Dulltons

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



The trouble with you, John-Mop, is . . . you think too much!

That's right! If you spend too much time THINKIN' . . . you'll never amount to anything USEFUL!!

I wanna be a writer!

That's what I mean! There's nothin' more useless than a writer . . . 'cept maybe an artist!

Daddy . . . if I'm gonna be a successful writer, I'm gonna need a Dictionary! I saw one at the store for \$2.75!

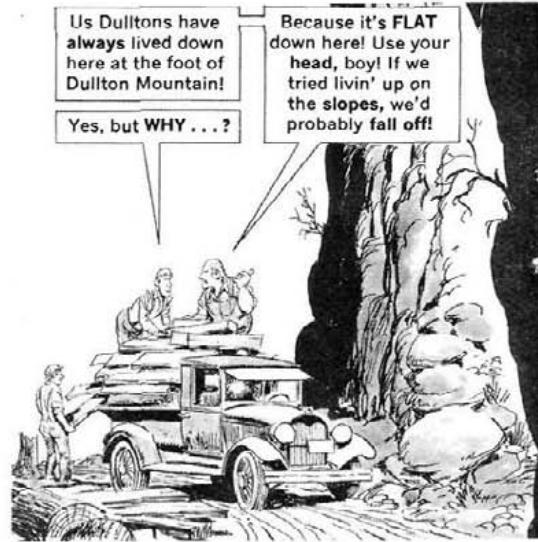
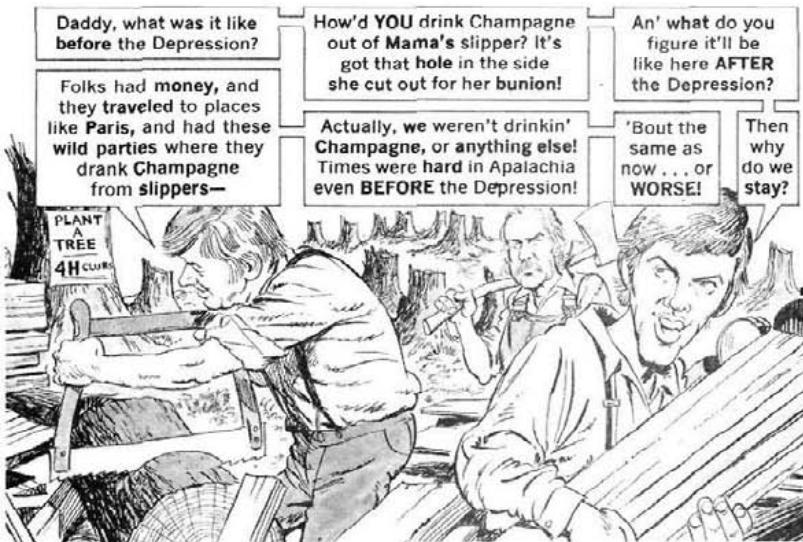
Well, John-Mop, you'll just have to get a job an' pay for it yourself!

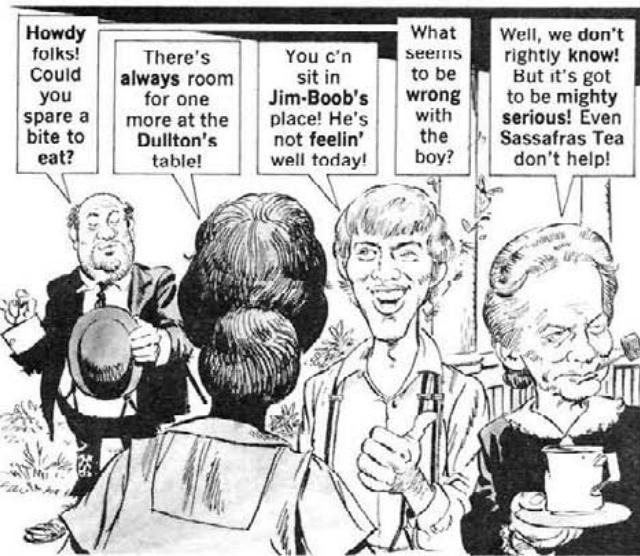
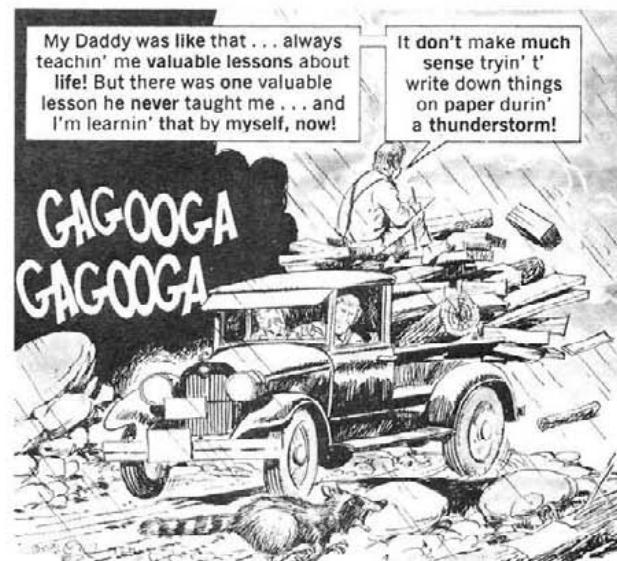
Jobs are mighty scarce! Why, I haven't worked since 1919!

But, Grandpa! The Depression didn't start until 1929!

That's true! But I knew it was comin' . . . an' I wanted to be prepared for it!

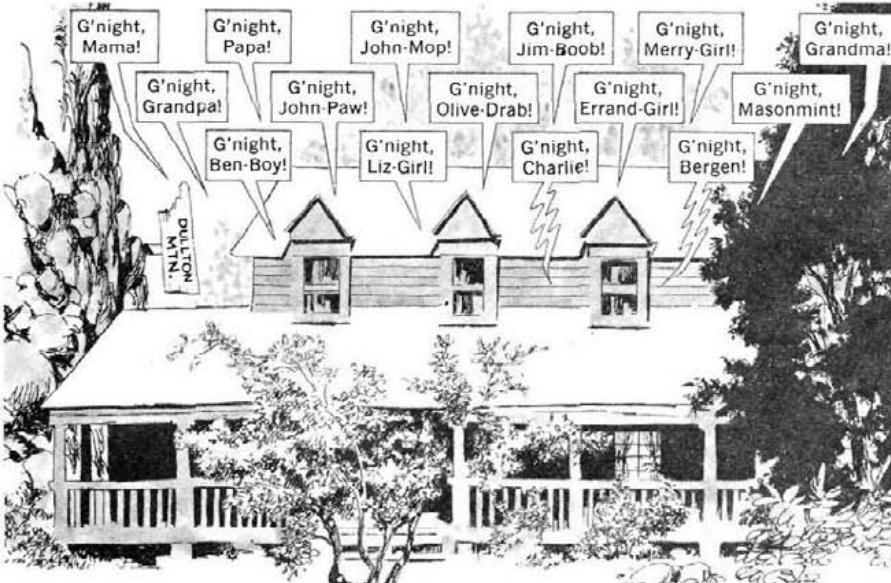












WHAT
IS
BELIEVING
IN
HONEST
POLITICIANS
LIKE?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
MAD FOLD-IN

Many naive people still believe that most Politicians are honest, that they have integrity, and that their main concern and motivation is to "serve the people". If you believe in that, you're off your rocker! To find out what believing in that is like, fold in page.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



LATELY, POLITICIANS CRY THAT CRITICS STRIKE
BELOW THE BELT. SOME PRETEND MARTYRDOM, GRIEVING IN
SANCTIMONIOUS SELF-PITY. OTHERS PRODUCE DATA
CLAIMING EVERYTHING THEY DID WAS GOOD FOR US.

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A

B



HEADS...YOU LOSE!